

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE Ross Government has pulled through the general elections with a narrow majority which can be relied upon to remind the Administration that their tenure of office, even with a weak Opposition, will depend greatly upon their conforming to the general ideas of the public in large matters such as transportation, power and light, and such other utilities as have to do with the well-being of communities. That Mr. Whitney has failed to obtain the Premiership under circumstances where a stronger man would probably have been successful, is significant of the weakness of his individuality and his lack of those magnetic qualities which are required for the leadership of men.

That the majority is small, that the new constituencies did not in their entirety rush to the grateful recognition of the Government, and that political lightning struck in strange places, and that altogether we find ourselves in a situation which no one could have predicted, indicates that political cleavage in Ontario is of a very uncertain sort. Bogus independence, on the other hand, is at a discount as well as hard and fast party attachments. The men who sought to establish their disregard of party by their ill-mannered treatment of their friends, have been rebuked. That independence sufficient to stand the closer scrutiny which has to do with principle rather than personal interests would meet the instant approval of the electorate, cannot be doubted, nor can it be held that the present contest between the ins and the outs, between two parties, neither having distinctive principles, between leaders neither of whom has a policy which is not more or less a make-shift and a borrowed affair, can last through another general election. Two parties, both of whom are notoriously guilty of cultivating corporations and disregarding public rights, have now for several general elections come out almost neck and neck at the finish, and it will be strange if some new leader does not arise who by conscientious attention to every legitimate public desire will seize upon the affections of the electorate and leave both the old contestants far in the rear. Mr. Ross has the opportunity of taking hold of this leadership himself, but if he does so he will have to give the marble hand to a good many of his colleagues who evidently have sought to retain power by other than popular methods.

I must seem strange to the majority of observers that Ontario developed only one man of special capacity during the general election just over. Premier Ross was all there was of the Grit campaign, the only man of marked ability in the whole outfit. It is customary to ascribe to a leader the associated virtues and strength of his colleagues; in the episode under consideration the weaknesses and personal tendencies of Ministers to make something for themselves had to be enveloped in the personal greatness of the man whose name the Government bore. The vicissitudes of such a campaign, shrouded in mourning as the whole affair was by the death of Mrs. Ross, seemed to be more than the ordinary man could be reasonably expected to bear. The weakness and selfishness of many of the men supporting the Premier as administrative advisers were so evident and so corrosive that it was really surprising that his colleagues did not rust him out of his position. With the whole campaign to make, heavily weighted with these men who were of no use but really a burden, Premier Ross did remarkably well, and the proper cartoon of his effort might have been contained in a copy of the ancient picture of Atlas bearing the world.

It is well known that the Premier has always invited all the help he could get, which is quite a reverse picture to the attitude of Leader of the Opposition Whitney, who, it is said, takes himself much too seriously and endeavored to carry the whole burden.

The matter now rests largely with the legal interpreters of what answers as our constitution—an uncertain thing which is liable to be stretched in almost any direction. That the Liberals are more prone than the Conservatives to stretch the election law in their own direction, cannot be admitted. In the old days the pieces of lead under the finger nail and the tacks under the green baize of the table, tricks for disfiguring ballots, were as well and perhaps more generally adopted than it can be argued that they are now. That ballot-stuffing and frauds are novelties invented by Grits is an assertion which would only be made by a tyro and would be laughed to suffocation by those who knew the workings of the old machine. The general indication of public opinion is that Ross would be welcome to another term if some of his lieutenants were suppressed. On the other hand, there is no well expressed call for Whitney and his associates. The people who believe that an audit of the public accounts such as would be occasioned by a change of Administration, no matter who the auditors might be, would be of advantage to the province, are neither numerous nor to be taken very seriously. In the meantime it is perhaps not to be regretted that Mr. Ross will continue in the management of affairs, having in mind the necessity of a reorganization with a view to inspiring public confidence which is now lacking. That a man with such genius for government should be unable to reconstruct his administrative machinery will be incredible. That there are no other men of administrative capacity in Ontario liable to seize upon the available machinery would be equally incredible. That the climax has been arrived at, that the repeated deadlocks have been as numerous as people will permit, is so evident that it is impossible to believe that even the most optimistic of Premiers will permit things to be run on old lines. The much clamored for "change" is certainly ensured.

The history of the Prohibitionists in provincial and federal politics in this country and in State and federal politics in the United States is one unbroken record of wreckage. Wherever they have taken a hand in politics they have caused disaster to their friends. The party most nearly allied to the Prohibitionists has invariably been the victim of this intolerable fad. The Republican party in the United States, which has in State issues been most frequently allied with the Prohibitionists, has always suffered when it permitted itself to become entangled with this intolerable negative issue. If the Prohibitionists would abandon the coercive and purely legislative feature of their propaganda they would find some support of a reasonable sort. Instead of using their organized strength to forbid the use of something, destructive as it may be, they would start an agitation for the building up of moral and mental and physical stamina, they would find themselves approved of. From the beginning of time the attitude of "thou shalt not" has been a singularly weak and inoperative one. To preach the doctrine of strength, of individual resistance, of the teaching of the child from the cradle up to resist serious temptations and to remain unweakened in the presence of weakening surroundings, would enlist the sympathy of every courageous and self-respecting citizen. To invite the law to remove temptations is to invite the law to do for a man what he should do for himself. Education, not coercion, is the procedure which should be followed, and nowhere in the whole history of mankind's struggle for a better situation and improved surroundings can the weakness of prohibition be more clearly demonstrated than in

the election returns of every community where a Prohibitionist contest has been invited. The way to be virtuous easily has never been demonstrated and never will. The way not to be tempted without effort is still as undefined as the royal road to knowledge without study. The very people who ask for Prohibitionist legislation are the ones who do not even vote in order to produce that for which they have clamored in a revengeful or purely technical spirit. They frequently punish their friends for not doing what they themselves are obviously unwilling to do. The election just over has at least demonstrated the insincerity and unreliability of those who claim to be consumed by the hope of making everyone temperate by Act of Parliament. The Prohibitionists are wreckers, political and otherwise. No one favoring a negative policy was ever constructive. Those who desire to make the world better must advocate something and not organize to forbid something. The world has no use for those whose only anxiety is to be good because they are not tempted. Those who go up before the Great White Throne and are welcomed there are the ones who have come up through much tribulation, not those who have arrived after an easy time.

EVERYONE is heartily glad that the Boer war is over. There was really no reason why it should not have been over a year ago. The fighting of the last twelve months accomplished nothing. In the end the Boers have been obliged to accept the same terms as they could have secured long ago if the doting and obstinate old man who was once their leader and for two years has been a refugee had been open to reason, and had their misguided sympathizers in Europe and the United States not deceived themselves with the notion that something miraculous might happen to oblige England to knuckle under. The Boers had lots of noisy but valueless backing from Anglophobes the world over. But there never was the slightest prospect that a single one of all the intensely selfish powers whose predilections were dictated by blind jealousy of Britain rather than by generous love of the extinguished republics would hazard a farthing to back up their loud-mouthed professions of friendship for the Boers. The fighting burghers were deceived and duped from the outset by

Wellington. In 1897 he was scarcely known outside of the army. At Omdurman he emerged from comparative insignificance into the whole world's view, reaping the reward of years of patient, steady organization in the obscurity of the Sudan. Two and a half years ago, when British arms had come to grief in Natal, the silent, sphinx-like man of Egypt was called south as Lord Roberts' adjutant. There were doubts and misgivings. Predictions were made that Kitchener, the man who had beaten savages, would come to grief in conflict with a white and well armed foe amidst conditions vastly different from those of the Nile valley. Roberts made the plan of campaign and Kitchener organized the details. The result was that in less than six months Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pretoria were all in the hands of the British. Then came the last and most trying stage of the war. The enemy's forces, broken up into roving bands, infested the mountainous districts and harried the country in all directions. The war degenerated into a fierce and wanton guerrilla conflict. To crush out this irregular warfare, to adapt a highly organized and centralized army to a sort of continuous running attack and defense, to make the country so hot that it would not hold even quick-moving guerrillas, to wear down the enemy till he gave up from sheer exhaustion, weariness and lack of materials—this was the task that fell undivided to Kitchener of Khartoum. The man undertaking such a task had nine chances of failure against him, and one of success in his favor. Kitchener, in serene self-confidence, accepted the odds, knowing he should win out on the tenth chance. And he did. Great drag nets were organized which swept the country ceaselessly in all directions. The block-house system was established, by means of which the roving guerrillas were confined to particular areas. In Pretoria sat the directing intelligence which worked the whole mechanism. Kitchener, the organizer of victory, was moving every man on the checkerboard, with no thought of haste, no heed to stupid detraction, no doubt of ultimate success. And success came ultimately. The grim, unflinching man who had conquered the Dervishes wore down the Boers in the most tedious and vexatious campaign of modern warfare. Out of the struggle Kitchener comes with increased stature, with reputation wondrously enhanced.

tion of industry, are not vocal upon some of the great issues that engross the thought of live men.

Too many Members of Parliament are in the party rut. They go to Ottawa to put in as much of the session as may be necessary in order to draw the full indemnity; they have a good time socially, they keep in touch with the party organization, and at most they address literature to their constituents or prosecute the claims of private friends or party allies. A large portion of every session is consumed in formal and perfunctory proceedings. There is time for voluminous debate on the Speech from the Throne, which generally says but little and says that in conventional language. The budget speech affords another occasion for all the wind-jammers suffering from a diarrhoea of words and a constipation of ideas. There is the man with the annual resolution expressive of some fad, who takes the time of the House and helps on the good belief that Parliament is not a business meeting, but an arena for pantomime display and party conflict. It will be noticed by anyone who will take the trouble to follow the proceedings year after year, how few new subjects are introduced to the attention of either House and how large a proportion of the matters dealt with are old cuds that have been chewed over and over till the very mention of them is sickening. The member with new subjects to bring to the attention of the House is, generally speaking, not wanted on either side. The Government side does not encourage him because he takes up time, and the Opposition can waste enough of that without the assistance of Government supporters. The Opposition has room for a larger proportion of buccaneers than the Government, because it is not responsible for anything, but even on the Opposition side the bringing up of matters that have not been passed upon in caucus by any but the recognized leaders of the party, is frowned upon. The irrepressible W. F. MacLean is said to have been called down in no uncertain manner for presuming at the recent session to bring on a discussion of the Imperial budget without consulting his fellow-Conservatives. And thus goes. So many are the technical and customary matters which must be disposed of and so strict are the conventions of party discipline, that great new issues do not always succeed in emerging through the intricacies of Parliamentary formalism, opportunism and lassitude until long after the attention of wideawake men has been directed to them.

It may be quite true that the conference of the Boards of Trade usurped the function of Parliament. But Parliament, in respect of most of the matters dealt with by the conference, not only allowed its function to be usurped, but invited such usurpation by its supineness and indecision. Now that such a conference has once been pulled off with fairly satisfactory results, we may expect some such gathering to be repeated periodically in the future. A loose organization of all the Boards of Trade of the Dominion will in all probability be one of the fruits of the gathering held this week. Such an organization will be valuable in making audible the opinions of the commercial and financial community. The Boards of Trade do not represent the whole people by any means. But they represent a considerable, estimable, and influential portion of the people, and if they say "Aye" upon a given question perhaps even Parliament will hesitate to say "No."

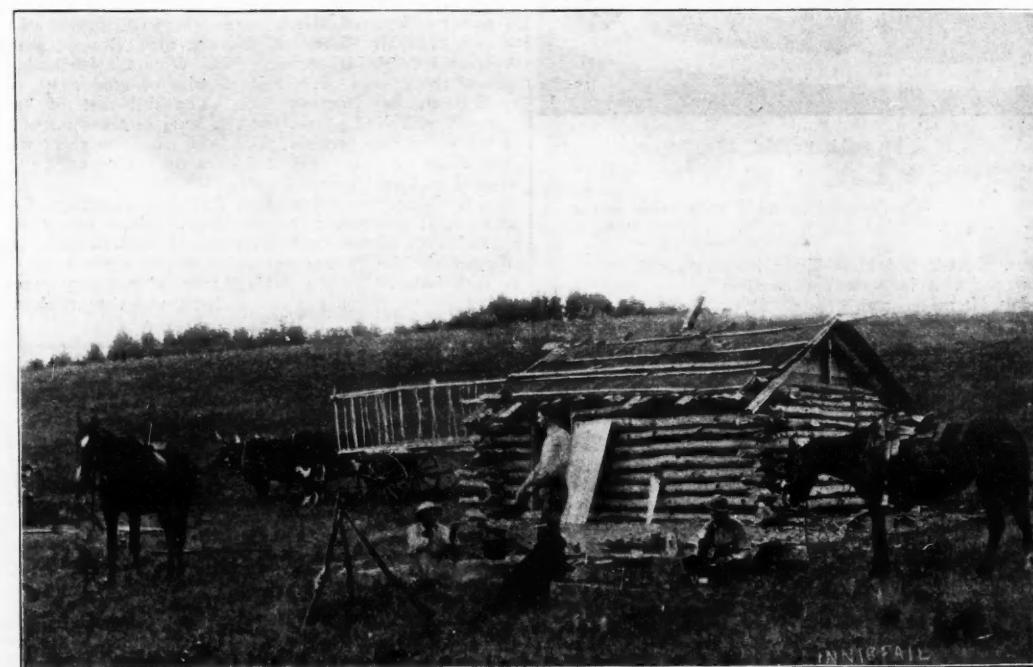
The resolutions passed by the conference are so numerous and deal with such a wide range of matters that to review them this week is impossible. Altogether they form a very important outline of policy and will furnish matter for future discussion.

RICE, the sole survivor of the notorious Routledge gang, who murdered Constable Boyd, has received the dread sentence of death from the lips of Chief Justice Falconbridge, and after over a year's delay will pay the penalty of one of the worst crimes in the annals of Toronto. Never was extreme punishment more richly deserved than by this alien desperado, who deliberately came into Canada to rob and plunder and who shot down an officer of the law without a moment's hesitation in a mad effort to escape from custody. Rice deserves no sympathy, and the judge, in sentencing him to be hanged, warned him not to look for executive clemency. Both the judge and the jury were convinced of his guilt. It would be a miscarriage of justice if this man were shown mercy which has been denied to other murderers whose crimes were less heinous than his. The fact that Rice is an educated man aggravates his offence. He seems to have coolly and deliberately chosen a career of crime. He has brought himself to the pass where he now stands, and Canadian justice, which he outraged, will be vindicated only when he has paid the price exacted by our laws.

I N a recent talk on citizenship at Yale, Bishop Potter said that the citizen has a perfect right to ask every rich man, "How did you get your money?" The Bishop, of course, did not mean that the citizen has a right to gratify idle curiosity, but that society and even the individual has an interest in knowing how the great fortunes that so rapidly spring into being have had their start—whether in legitimate enterprise or by the practice of injustice and wrong. The difficulty is that the public cannot always get a satisfactory answer to such a question as "How did you get your money?" and even when it does it is not always easy to discriminate between right and wrong schemes of acquiring wealth. But there is an element of truth in Bishop Potter's contention that society at large and every individual member of society has a rightful concern in the methods by which enormous wealth is accumulated in a few hands. There are even in Toronto some rich men who would not care to have to answer the question, "How did you get your money?"

H ERE is a life tragedy told in a three-line advertisement in a Boston newspaper: "Wanted—Sunny, airy, quiet, comfortable, unfurnished, inexpensive room, by non-smoking, tidy, middle-aged, unmarried poet." Only a case-hardened soul could read these lines without tears. Think of it! A poet in his tidiness, his singleness, and his middle age, hunting a room! There is unspeakable pathos in the way he puts it with the glad things first.

O N page 7 is reprinted the protest of the Scottish Home Rule Association against some of the features of the approaching Coronation. This fearless criticism of the ceremonies and symbols to be employed not only makes good reading, but provides some food for honest thought. There is no place in modern government for the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Edward VII's title to the throne is based on an Act of Parliament. If the doctrine of divine right held good, the legitimists who believe that the descendants of the Stuarts should wear the crown would have an unanswerable case. However, there is no occasion to get excited over the questions raised by the Scottish Home Rulers. The King, though anointed and consecrated and formally given the right to rule the people, is not going to endanger his head by playing the game of Charles I. The ceremonies of coronation are conventional and follow precedent. They are forms only and mere importance is not to be attached to them than to the mere words of the King's title, which are so high sounding to



The Filling Up of the Canadian North-West.—A Settler's Cabin.

their own leaders and by their so-called friends abroad. They will now learn how generous Britain can be, and in the light of the new order they will possibly discover that the war, which they started, was from the first a mad enterprise. The terms of peace are such as no power but Great Britain would have granted under similar circumstances. They have been fully and freely discussed in the press and their particulars are known to everyone. They seem to be as wise and statesmanlike as they undoubtedly are humane. But they must stand the test of time, and twenty-five years from now it may be possible to say whether the Boers under the new order of things are really to become loyal and whole-hearted citizens of the Empire or are to remain a separate and peculiar people, cherishing their own language and brooding over their thwarted dream of a Dutch Africa. The provision in the terms of peace for the continued use of their language in the schools and law courts meets with a good deal of criticism in this country. It looks suspiciously like the perpetuation of a dual language system such as we in Canada are familiar with. If Dutch is taught to the children and permitted to be used in judicial proceedings, it will probably be chiefly spoken in the legislatures when such are established. Once this privilege is conceded it will never be given up, and a burden will be imposed on the future South African states which from all past experience is a grievous one to be borne. Language either separates or unites men. A conquered people will cling for centuries, if permitted, to their ancient speech, cherishing it as a racial rallying point and making it to serve as a barrier against all attempts at assimilation.

It is rather a good joke on the United States that, after all the talk of John Bull's decadence, the old fellow has been able to "muddle through" in South Africa and conclude a satisfactory peace while affairs in the Philippines Islands are in just as bad shape as they were when Great Britain got into her recent difficulty. However, now that the Boer war is over, Uncle Sam will have more time to devote to his own troubles. There need be no further talk of the horrors of British concentration camps or of the brutalities indulged in by Thomas Atkins. The newspapers of the Republic can use all their space to describe the conditions known to exist in the Philippines, and instead of shedding crocodile tears over the Boers, whom it is not in their power to help, they can expend their sweet sympathy on the poor Filipinos whom their own countrymen have to deal with.

O F all the men who have been concerned in the South African war on the British side, only Lord Kitchener, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner come out with their fame genuinely enhanced. Kitchener is the military hero of the war, and a'ready completely overshadowed "Bobs," who made the mistake of declaring the war over too soon. Kitchener, the relentless and inscrutable, who moves with the deliberation and precision of fate, who is the incarnation of bulldog tenacity and grim determination, has had a more rapid rise than any military hero since

suggest an absolute monarchy, although the English kings for three centuries have been shorn of their autocratic powers. Without quibbling and hair-splitting, we can all unite in heartily acknowledging ourselves subjects of His Majesty King Edward VII, in the modern sense of the words: we can sincerely join in the chorus of congratulations on his assumption of the crown, and can unfeignedly wish him long life and happiness in the discharge of his exalted office.

A CORRESPONDENT enters a protest against the comment that appeared in these columns a couple of weeks ago on Mr. W. M. Salter's recent article in the "Atlantic Monthly" on anarchy. The correspondent says: "Call off your anarchist editor . . . I have read 'Saturday Night' from its beginning until the present time and I do not remember to have previously seen an anarchistic editorial article. . . . As I regard anarchists in the same light in which I regard rattlesnakes, I should be very sorry to learn that the paragraph to which I refer expresses the editorial sentiments of 'Saturday Night.'"

My correspondent can rest easy. "Saturday Night" is the last paper in the world to propagate anarchistic doctrine, and if the writer of the above will take the trouble to read the article complained of he will doubtless see that it is very far from being, as he describes it, an "anarchistic editorial." That the anarchist movement has not been seriously checked by any method used up to the present time will be admitted. As pointed out by Mr. Salter, to talk of "stamping out" anarchy by punishing anarchist crime, is absurd. If the disease is to be coped with, its true character must be discovered. People must take the pains to find out what anarchy really means—what it aims at, and how it proposes to reach its goal. Forbidding as the whole subject is, it is one with which society must come to close quarters. Rattlesnakes cannot be caught with bear traps, and anarchism cannot be defeated by the methods resorted to in the detection and punishment of ordinary crime. That was the sole point of the article to which exception has been taken.

Peace.

O'er veldt and mountain of the blood-stained land
Long dim with smoke of battle, cometh June
Across the flowery meadows, hand-in-hand
With white-robed Peace; and every cope and dune
Awakes with melody; and glorious noon
Of summer breaks, and banishes the spell
Of War's dear, dark and heavy-laden days;
Welcome the blessed Maid with pealing bell,
And songs, and garlands and triumphant bays;
And reverent kneel, and offer up to God the praise!

Well timed, sweet June! for doubtless thou dost bring
The angel of the olive-branch to share
The Coronation fete of Britain's King.
And of his consort, Alexandra fair.
And to add splendor to that pageant rare
Beyond all pomp and circumstance of state;
For Peace enthroned above the royal car,—
Her heavenly radiance, like the moon's mild beams,
Falling upon the serried ranks of war.—
Will typify Humanity's fond dream
Of that blest day when hostile swords no more shall gleam

With healing in thy wings thou comest, Peace.
To hearts long racked with fever of unrest;
The toils, the trampings and the tumult cease;
Victor and vanquished now alike are blest.
And honor's badge disdains not either breast.
For both were valiant; for the slain weep.
And for the living pray, that now thy balm
May, by heaven's blessing, heal the rancors deep.
And so, in time, as brothers, palm-in-palm,
These foemen twain may grow to one 'mid freedom's calm.

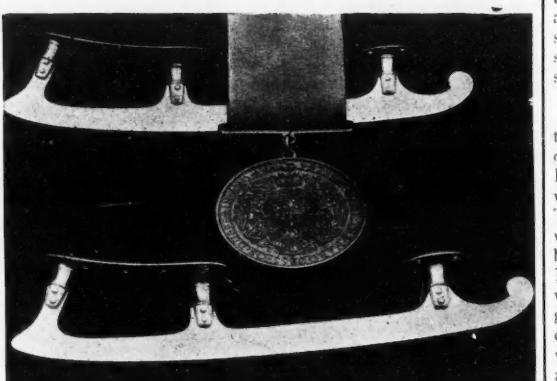
J. W. BENGOUGH.

Social and Personal.

THE list of June weddings includes names which in their turn interest all sections of society, and it is universally deplored that owing to sundry family bereavements several of these weddings will be strictly private and the beautiful brides will only be seen and congratulated by their family circles. This week several very pretty weddings have been celebrated, one of the most interesting being that of Miss Emilie Frances Patterson, second daughter of Mrs. Frederick Patterson (nee McCarthy) of Brunswick avenue, and Mr. George Edgar Gooderham, second son of Mr. W. G. Gooderham of Trinity street. Both bride and groom are very young and belong to families of such large connections that although, with exception of a dozen intimate friends, the invitations were limited to relatives, the beautiful little church in Huron street which has seen so many happy bridals, was half filled with relations of the young couple, while beyond the white ribbon barriers it was packed with ladies and girl friends of the pretty bride. Soft music filled the air and fragrant lilies, guelder roses and green wreathed the carved chancel screen, having been arranged by the bride's girl friends, and lovely pink and white flowers adorned the altar, which was brilliantly lit with tapers and the soft red glow of glowing lamps. The choir entered from the vestry, preceded by two acolytes with scarlet and white vestments, and followed by the officiating clergy, three in number, Rev. Father Davenport, the rector, Rev. T. W. Patterson of Deer Park, uncle of the bride, who performed the ceremony, and Rev. J. O. Millar of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines. Mr. Patterson was in the gold embroidered vestments worn for special services in St. Thomas' Church. Half-past two o'clock was the hour set for the ceremony, and shortly after the bride's procession entered the south door, while the organ pealed forth the Lohengrin bridal music. Mr. George Ince, chief usher, led the procession, followed by Mr. Ed Gooderham and his cousin, Mr. Hargrave, with Miss Florence Patterson, sister of the bride, as maid of honor, next, and the two charming young bridesmaids following. They were Miss Katie Cross of Walmer road and Miss Leah Walker of St. George street. Miss Patterson wore a white silk dress with pearl applique and slashed sleeves, a picture hat with plumes, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. On her bodice gleamed a lovely little gold watch and fleur-de-lis pin, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Katie Cross looked exceedingly well in lettuce green taffeta, and Miss Walker in pale pink. They wore very pretty hats and carried pink roses. The slim, girlish bride was a picture in rich Liberty satin, tucked and softly flounced with chiffon, and trimmed with Esorial lace. Her veil, which was also her mother's bridal veil, was of sheer net with flecks of silk embroidery, and two beautiful strands of orange flowers from her uncle's ranch at Los Angeles, Cal., held the filmy folds over her shining hair. The bride's bouquet was a dream of light beauty, lilies of the valley and pale green ferns falling in strands to the floor, and standing by hundreds in a huge circle of the most lovely white and green. Her only jewel was a splendid necklace of pearls with a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom, who also gave the bridesmaids handsome pearl brooches. Mr. Norman Patterson led his sister in and gave her away, and the choir sang very well indeed, the service being fully choral. Miss Gillespie sang a most melodious setting of "O, Perfect Love" while the bride and groom signed the register, after which the wedding party drove to the home of Mrs. Patterson, which was a bower of spring blooms, and where the lawn at the back and side of the house was a charming addition to the various flower-garlanded rooms. The bride and groom were duly congratulated and their health proposed and drunk in sparkling champagne, a neat little speech being made by Rev. Mr. Patterson. The wedding breakfast was served in the dining-room, and the wedding presents, which were

most elegant, arranged in an upper room. The bride and groom left on the bridal trip at half-past four, showered with confetti and rice, and the prettiest of summer bridals was over. Mrs. Gooderham went away in a blue cloth travelling gown, with white and blue trimmings, and a neat little chapeau of white and black. The wedding tour will include the larger United States cities, and on their return, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham will be for a time at the Arlington until taking up their new residence in Bedford road. Among the very smart royal at the marriage was the groom's mother, in a pretty royal blue and white silk with flower bonnet, and a jewel of nine fine diamonds, two exquisite pearls, and twenty-five emeralds, designed by Mr. Willie Gooderham as his gift to her on their recent twenty-fifth anniversary, and representing by the diamonds their nine sons, by the pearls the two fair daughters, and by the emeralds their happy quarter century of married life. The two dates were done in small diamonds within the crescent. Mrs. Patterson, mother of the bride, was quietly gowned in black, with a turban toque of black and white. Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney, grandmother of the groom, wore a splendid silver grey satin bedecked in black. Mrs. W. H. Beatty wore a black and white brocade with guimpes of rare black lace over white chiffon, a lovely boa, and a smart little bonnet. Mrs. Tom Patterson was in rose and white mouseline, and her two tiny daughters in white India silk and granny bonnets. Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy and their fairy daughter, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Bedford road, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles and the Misses Miles, Mr. Howand and Miss Gillespie, Miss Ruby Croil, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bright (the lovely bride of last month being the cynosure of all eyes), Miss Aileen Gooderham, Mr. Blackstock, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, Mrs. Ruttan, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Chadwick of Lanmar were among the guests. Mr. Harry Gooderham was his brother's groomsman.

A little cut which will have great and pathetic interest for many a Canadian reader is that shown in this column of a pair of skates used by the late lamented Marquis of Dufferin and Ava which the Marchioness has sent out from



Candeboye as a keepsake to Mr. Meagher, the famous Canadian figure skater. A medal given by Lord Dufferin to Mr. Meagher in Paris, where he skated at the famous rink during Lord Dufferin's sojourn as British Ambassador, is also portrayed.

Mrs. Sinclair and Miss Capon have returned from several weeks' visit in New York, and will be at home next Monday afternoon and evening at 70 Earl street. The friends of Mrs. Capon will be glad to hear that she and her little boy are benefiting by their sojourn in Lakewood and are now on Lake Memphremagog for the summer, where Dr. Capon will join them for a short holiday next month.

On Wednesday morning, at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, was celebrated the marriage of Miss Amy Blair, daughter of the Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways in the Dominion Cabinet, and Rev. F. H. Brewin of Brighton, Eng. and Rev. Henry Kitson officiated. Miss Audrey Sinator Melvin-Jones, Mrs. and Miss Florence Sprague, Mr. Beardmore of Chelmsford, and Mr. G. Allen Case, Mrs. MacMahon had her third race breakfast on the same day, at which Sir William was the premier guest. At Sir William's dinner the flowers were most beautiful, a center of Dunlop's choicest white roses, lilies of the valley and fragrant white lilac. The ladies were given charming posies of pansies and lilies prettily tied with ribbons, and for the men were lily of the valley boutonnieres. The dinner was quite a jolly one. Mrs. Arthur Sprague gave a little dinner for Sir William on Thursday at the Hunt Club.

The death of Mr. John Ryan (son of Mr. Peter Ryan so well and widely known as one of our most eloquent and clever men), occurred at his residence in Parkdale on Wednesday. Mr. Ryan was a successful broker, lately doing business in Buffaloe, and was formerly a noted amateur athlete. His death was due to consumption. Two children and his widow (nee Woods of Brockton) survive him.

I cannot resist giving a tip to my musician friends. There is a fortune awaiting the composer who gets out an appropriate and attractive solo to be sung at weddings. The only things now available have been simply worn to death and are either doleful and dragging or perky and jerky. But a sufficiently dignified, heartsome and popular solo there is not—and someone ought to compose it!

The marriage of Miss R. M. Warrington of Belleville and Mr. William Parkin Murray, son of Mr. W. T. Murray of Toronto, took place in St. Michael's Church, Belleville, on Wednesday, Rev. Father Tracey of Toronto being the officiating priest. Many Toronto friends of both parties will wish them every happiness.

Rev. A. J. Broughall and Mrs. Broughall are spending this month in the country. Mr. Jack Roaf of Winnipeg is in town. He is at 104 Bloor street west. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rowley and Miss Mabel Richardson of Ottawa are in town this week. Mr. George Hart was a welcome visitor at the Races last week.

Mr. Gamon has purchased the nice house in St. George street which has been so hospitably opened to friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Hills during their residence in Toronto, and a move is in order for its present popular host and hostess.

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Club. The guests included Mrs. March, Mrs. Cappon, Miss Alice Macnee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Macnee, little Miss Rosa and Master Wattie Macnee, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kent, Miss Amy Rutherford (Toronto), the Misses Hora, Colonel and Mrs. Drury, Miss Gertrude Drury (Montreal), Colonel Montizambert, Captain and Mrs. Norman Stuart Leslie, Major Logan, Major Straubenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Miss Mabel Gildersleeve, Miss Pearce, Miss Price, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Folger, Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Roderrick Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Almon, Mrs. and Miss Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Easton Burns, Mr. and Mrs. William Minnes, Mr. and Mrs. James Minnes, Mr. Harvey, Mr. S. C. Calvin, Colonel J. S. Skinner, Miss Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Skinner, Mrs. Garrett, Miss Frances Macaulay, Miss Isabelle Cartwright, Mrs. Arthur S. Evans (India), Mrs. Lewis Herbert May (New York), Mrs. Small, Miss Edith Folger, Miss Dainty Yates, Miss Etta Callaghan, Miss Florence Cunningham, Miss Loraine Lesslie, Miss Brownfield, Miss Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Albrea Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Calvin, Mr. R. R. Creighton, the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nickle, Miss Birmingham, Captain Lafferty.

The marriage of Miss Gwen Grant, youngest daughter of Sir James Grant, and Mr. Harry Cassells of Montreal took place in Ottawa at the bride's home on Wednesday. This was one of the weddings which would have been a huge society affair but for the recent deplored and sudden death of the groom's father. The family circle and relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was performed in the drawing-room by Rev. Dr. Herridge of St. Andrew's. The salon was decorated with fragrant lilacs and carnations, and palms and bushes of spirea were used to mark the space for the bridal party, which included Miss Minota Isbester as bridesmaid, and Mr. B. Sims as groomsman. The bride's gown was of Meteor crepe, with beautiful lace and pearl passementerie. She wore a veil of tulle with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley. The bridesmaid wore white chiffon over silk, white hat with yellow roses, and carried a sheaf of the same blooms. Mr. and Mrs. Cassells have gone to the Atlantic seacoast for their honeymoon, the bride going away in a dainty silver grey suit with white trimmings and hat to correspond, trimmed with berries and ribbon, all white. His Excellency and Lady Minto presented the bride with a fine pair of silver candlesticks, and the groom gave her a very handsome diamond star. Hundreds of other beautiful gifts were sent from her many friends in various directions.

On Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock the marriage of Miss Ina Gordon Winnett, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winnett of 168 Beverley street, and Mr. A. Clyde Caldwell of Ottawa was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room (which was most beautifully decorated with the rarest bouquets) and was witnessed by a large party of relatives. Miss Mattie and Miss Ella Winnett, sisters of the bride, were her maids, and Mr. James B. Caldwell, brother of the groom, and Mr. Grand E. Hardie, 23rd Bombay Rifles completed the bridal group. Miss Winnett's bridal gown was of ivory satin, with embroideries of seed pearls and applications of Brussels lace. The veil was of tulle hemmed with seed pearls, and the bouquet a shower of lily of the valley and orchids. The bridesmaids were in white mouseline de soie over taffeta and had nosegays and wreaths of forget-me-nots. Rev. Dr. Milligan, assisted by the bride's brother-in-law, Rev. Robert Clements of Cortlandt, N.Y., performed the ceremony. About four o'clock a number of friends arrived for an informal reception and enjoyed the lovely garden which adds so much to the Winnett home. D'Alesandro's harpers played very sweetly during the afternoon and the wedding was the prettiest of June events.

A very jolly visitor to the O. J. C. meet at the end of the week was Sir William Van Horne, who had two days of it and left on Friday night with the contingent special. Before leaving Sir William had a jolly little dinner party at the Queen's, where he was staying. The guests included Lady Kirkpatrick and Miss Banke, Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, Senator Melvin-Jones, Mrs. and Miss Florence Sprague, Mr. Beardmore of Chelmsford, and Mr. G. Allen Case. Mrs. MacMahon had her third race breakfast on the same day, at which Sir William was the premier guest. At Sir William's dinner the flowers were most beautiful, a center of Dunlop's choicest white roses, lilies of the valley and fragrant white lilac. The ladies were given charming posies of pansies and lilies prettily tied with ribbons, and for the men were lily of the valley boutonnieres. The dinner was quite a jolly one. Mrs. Arthur Sprague gave a little dinner for Sir William on Thursday at the Hunt Club.

The death of Mr. John Ryan (son of Mr. Peter Ryan so well and widely known as one of our most eloquent and clever men), occurred at his residence in Parkdale on Wednesday. Mr. Ryan was a successful broker, lately doing business in Buffaloe, and was formerly a noted amateur athlete. His death was due to consumption. Two children and his widow (nee Woods of Brockton) survive him.

I cannot resist giving a tip to my musician friends. There is a fortune awaiting the composer who gets out an appropriate and attractive solo to be sung at weddings. The only things now available have been simply worn to death and are either doleful and dragging or perky and jerky. But a sufficiently dignified, heartsome and popular solo there is not—and someone ought to compose it!

The marriage of Miss R. M. Warrington of Belleville and Mr. William Parkin Murray, son of Mr. W. T. Murray of Toronto, took place in St. Michael's Church, Belleville, on Wednesday, Rev. Father Tracey of Toronto being the officiating priest. Many Toronto friends of both parties will wish them every happiness.

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WM. STITT & CO.
Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers
BRIDAL AND BRIDESMAIDS' GOWNS
Reception, Evening and Dinner Gowns
MILINERY—Hats for all occasions.
GLOVES—2 clasp Gloves in Dressed and Undressed Kid, in all the newest shades and colorings.
CORSELS—The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon.
PARIS KID GLOVE STORE
II & 13 King St. East
Tel. Main 888. TORONTO

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Orenburg Shawls (imitation Shetland),
Fancy Knit and Honeycomb Wool Shawls.

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must be avoided by the woman who aspires to prettiness. A pretty, plump white throat assured if massaged night and morning with

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CEA'S DENTIFRICE—A perfect preparation for the teeth, removes all discolouration, making them pearly white and leaving a pleasant, refreshing feeling in the mouth.

HOOPER'S MASHAL MOUTH WASH is an anti-septic solution which has been highly recommended by the faculty of the Ontario Dental College for preventing decay and arresting formation of tartar.

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By Appointment Caterers to His Excellency the Governor-General.

WEBB'S Wedding Cakes

are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogue free.

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Social and Personal.

THE end of nine days' racing, gosiping, peacocking on the lawn, criticizing from the boxes, betting in the East End, and toasting the winner in sparkling mugs at the West End, losing and winning, flirting and chaffing, was seen on Saturday, when, with many a regret, good-byes were said to the pleasant people who have been our guests during the "greatest that has been" of Jockey Club meetings. It's matter for congratulation that such guests should so often have voiced their surprise at the fine attendance and the always orderly and pleasing behavior even of the East End crowd. "We can't get such decent middle class people to attend our race meets," said a New Yorker. "I've never seen this sort of people at races." As to the members' enclosure, a constant and eagle-eyed supervision is always over it, and should any objectionable individual be seen, he or she is quickly missing, and enquiries resulting in a disaster to the too amiable member responsible for their presence always follow. President Hendrie takes honest pride in the distinction of the Toronto race meet in this particular.

On Saturday a record "get-away-day" crowd, both for numbers and smartness, was present, and several pretty little children were to be seen, the rule being a bit lax on the last day about their admission. Several "private car" parties were roiled comfortably within the carriage enclosure on a convenient switch. Mrs. Harry Patterson, I hear, had the enterprise to charter a couple of cars, and her friends made all haste to take advantage of the chance to get down and home in comfort. It was always a jolly crowd who came in this way. Mr. Mackenzie's palatial private car was also used each day by the friends of Mrs. Mann, who was a most gracious hostess. On Saturday a farewell visit was paid to the races by her guests, Colonel and Mrs. Turner, of Ottawa, and their two fine young sons. Mrs. Mann also took down the Misses and Messrs. Kingsmill, Mr. Lefurgey, Miss Rutherford, Miss Williams, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Meyer, niece of Mr. Mann, Mrs. Denison, Mr. Monk, and augmented her party on the return trip to the limit of the car's accommodation. Major Stimson had a bright party on his four-in-hand, who drove to the Hunt Club for dinner. Mrs. Gibson, the hostess, having the box-seat, and Miss Williams, Miss Beatrice Sullivan and Miss Seymour being some of the guests. Dinners were many at the various suburban clubs during the races, and no hospitality lacked in every direction. The many beautiful women and exquisite gowns looked their best on the mild, bright afternoon, and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill was "facile princeps" among the belles. She wore a white transparent gown with lettuce-green embossed bordering and panels, lace-trimmed bodice and little elbow sleeves, with pointed falls of lace and a broad-brimmed, low-crowned white hat, with green ostrich plumes softly laid on the brim, in which she was a lovely woman indeed. The rival gown, which was worn by Mrs. W. R. Riddell, was of white, soft and transparent, delicately embroidered in black, and becoming to perfection the pretty lady who wore it. Either would have been remarked for distinct charm and chic in the smartest assembly.

* * * * *

Miss Labatt of 191 St. George street went to London on Wednesday to visit her relatives in her native city.

Mrs. Bob Fleming, who was Mrs. Lally McCarthy's guest during the races, returned to Ottawa on Saturday night. Colonel and Mrs. Turner and their sons also returned to the Capital on the same evening. Mrs. and Miss Creelman will be in Montreal for next winter.

* * * * *

About half a hundred members of the Ministerial Association and their wives spent a delightful tea-hour at the new pavilion on the lake shore on Monday. The tea was most appetizing, and the view over the lake with a glorious sunset was perfect. The west end pavilion is one of the most delightful places on these charming lake days, and the ministers and their ladies had a most pleasant outing.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McLellan are rejoicing in the advent, on the 20th ult., of a fine little boy at their home, 111 Roxborough street east.

* * * * *

Miss Victoria Muldrew of Huron street has graduated from St. Luke's Hospital, New York, with highest honors, receiving three diplomas. Her friends join in hearty congratulations.

* * * * *

Mr. Frank H. Osborn of Philadelphia will teach in Toronto during the summer season. He may be seen at Room 20, 16 King street west, and has set apart the hour 12 to 1 p.m. for personal interviews. Mr. Osborn has just closed a most successful season in Philadelphia. His pupils' musicals have been largely attended, and received highest commendation from musicians and critics. His course in Toronto will embrace all grades of vocal work, including tone production, voice development, and interpretation.

* * * * *

Miss Vankoughnet, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Naomi Morrison, Mr. R. S. Walde, Miss L. Walde, Miss Jessie Walde, Mrs. G. H. Wilson, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mrs. John Macdonald, Mr. A. N. Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. V. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Maclellan, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Notman, Mr. M. C. Cameron, Mrs. Jermy, Miss Jermy, Miss Kenny, of Toronto; Rev. S. Dav, Mr. J. L. Counsell, of Hamilton; Mrs. C. J. McCuaig, of Montreal, Mrs. David G. Sulkin, of Buffalo, N.Y., are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

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Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Charles McGuire, of St. Catharines, announced the engagement of their daughter, Marie Loretto, to Mr. Henry Halford Adam.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. W. Leonard, whom her Toronto friends love to welcome, spent a part of May here. She was joined by Mrs. Trenholme and Mrs. D. McNeil, of Montreal. Several very pleasant affairs were given in her honor. She returned to Winnipeg last week.

* * * * *

Boston, May 28, 1902, Mr. J. M. Jellett, Mr. E. M. Morris and Mr. T. A. Reed, of Toronto, sailed for England last week.

* * * * *

Miss Mabel S. Hicks sailed by the s.s. "Parisian" to-day to spend her summer vacation in England and the Continent.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Bowers have returned from their wedding trip to their home at 20 Roxborough street west. Mrs. Bowers received on Friday, and will receive to-day and Friday during the month of June.

* * * * *

On Sunday last special services were held in St. Giles' Presbyterian Church, Oak street, the occasion being the formal opening of the new organ recently installed. The services, which were exceptionally well attended, were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Robert Atkinson, in the morning, and in the

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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ROSE HAIR GROWER

which stimulates growth as no other product does, and is a safe and effective preventative and cure of dandruff.

\$1.50 at drug stores. Prepaid to any address on receipt of price by pro-

prietary.

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"Hairology," a valuable treatise on the hair and skin, given or mailed free for the asking. Mention "Saturday Night."

evening by Rev. A. L. Geggie of Parkdale. St. Giles' was some four months ago visited by fire, which did damage to the extent of some \$1,600, but out of this tribulation the congregation seems likely to emerge stronger than ever.

* * * * *

Dr. Oliver Colbeck, for the past year house surgeon at the Western Hospital, left on June 3rd for Baltimore, Md., where he has been appointed resident physician to the Mount Airy Sanitarium for Children.

* * * * *

The Daughters of the Empire were invited by their president, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenelth, to a garden tea on Tuesday afternoon, a function which, owing to the showers, was rather a veranda tea, as the spacious verandas were crowded with ladies from five to six o'clock, neither the distance nor the showers daunting the friends of the loyal order. An orchestra played in an arbor amid a grove of flowering bushes, lilac, seringa, and such like, for Glenelth is just now a perfect paradise of bloom and fragrance. In marques set about the lovely lawns were ice cream and tea-tables, and a staff of waiters was aided by the younger girls of the order, some quite wee women, others tall and slim, each representing some one of Toronto's prominent families. Mrs. Nordheimer received on the south veranda, looking very sweet and gracious in a heliotrope voile gown, encrusted with flowers of "dentelle noir," and pretty little toque to match. The order is very proud of its president, who seems to grudge no trouble and thought for its advancement. Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Land, Miss Constance Boulton, Miss Hellwell, officers of the order, were all present, and the afternoon was made more interesting by the recitations given by Jean Blewett, who is a patriotic Canadian and a very winning little woman. The flag (to be presented today to the coronation contingent at Quebec) floated over the heads of the ladies on the veranda. It is adorned with a maple leaf, as well as the honored "Jack," and for its bestowal the various heads of "chapters" subscribe on behalf of the members a trifling sum, and the total is a considerable amount. The "chapters," with the pretty little juniors, which we laughingly called "paragraphs and verses," were all greatly pleased with the flag. Mrs. Nordheimer and the officers, forming a party of eight, went down on Thursday night to Quebec with the flag. Mr. Mackenzie gallantly loaned them his private car, and, needless to state, they appreciate his kindness very highly. The party will return tomorrow from the East. A few of the ladies who wished a good time to the flag and its bearers in England were Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. FitzGibbon,

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Wheat Marrow, for breakfast (serve what's left cold for supper)
and gain new vim, vigor—more courage, health, strength.

It builds you up.

Delicious served with
sugar and cream. Scientifically prepared from
the most nutritious portions of the choicest
Winter Wheat.

Best Grocers sell it.

Crompton Corsets

give perfect support to the back—throw the bust well forward—give that long graceful line from shoulder to bust, that symmetrical incurve at base of the spine, and the most chic "dip effect" in front yet produced.

A VARIETY OF STYLES TO SUIT ALL FIGURES
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That is all you require to know about a Glove
They are made for women and men.
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we are Direct Importers of First Quality Hair.

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JEFFREY'S LIQUID RENNET

Produces with milk a smooth, firm Junkt. Flavored with fruit essence or served with preserved or fresh crushed fruits makes a delicious dessert. Prepared by

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COR. CARLTON & YONGE STREETS
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A Parquet Floor

is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, for it lasts as long as the house lasts and, if properly attended to, improves with age. Let us send you a catalogue or, better still, let us estimate on any room you think of doing. We are manufacturers and sell direct to the consumer.

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Mr. Hay, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Miss Sprague, Miss Gladys Nordheimer (who received many good birthday wishes), Mrs. Second, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. Johnston, and many others.

* * * * *

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CHAPTER XVI.

Escaped.

Mr. Wantage, afraid to go out and face his patron after what had happened, was standing in the open doorway of Winifred Gray's dressing-room, talking excitedly to Mrs. Purdy. At sight of Macaire advancing upon him he flushed darkly, then grew pale.

"This is a mystery, Mr. Macaire!" he exclaimed, with a shaking voice. "Miss Gray has disappeared. A most obstinate girl. I knew that she objected to go through the scene in the only suitable way, and Jeffrey knew it. But we—

"Be kind enough to state exactly what occurred after Miss Gray fainted," Macaire broke in, addressing the woman, without a glance at Wantage. "She was then brought into this room; was she not, and placed in your charge?"

"Yes, sir, she was, sir," returned the dresser, staring at the hideous face of the man with undisguised astonishment, even repulsion. She did not know that, though so villainously ugly to look upon, he was worth many times his weight in solid gold. Macaire was not so uncommon a name that she should associate him with millionaire Lionel of that ilk, even if she heard him addressed by Wantage or Jeffrey, and it did not occur to her that he was to be fawned upon. "Ugly beast! I wonder what the dickens he means by poking his nose into it?" she was probably asking herself. "Who's he, anyhow?" And, aloud, she enquired: "Are you Miss Gray's father or—or anything, sir?"

"I am—a friend of her family. And I am, unfortunately, financially interested in this company," the great man condescended to explain. "It is not pleasant hearing that the star has run away on the first night."

"She can't have run far," cut in Jeffrey. "This woman here will tell you that."

Lionel Macaire looked at Mrs. Purdy, and she accepted the look as her cue to speak. "I managed to get the young lady into the things she was to ride the horse in, sir, when she was fainting. And a rare job it was, too."

"What happened then?" questioned Macaire.

"Why, this gentleman, the stage-manager, sir, he kept comin' to the door and worritin' me, till I thought I should have gone off my head. But, finally, I did have the young lady ready, and at the last moment, as I was tellin' her, she popped open those great eyes of hers. She'd been wild about the fleshin's before, sir, sayin' nothin' on earth would induce 'er to put 'em on. But she seemed suddenly calmed down like, after her faintin' spell, and says she—let me see, what was it she says first?—oh! 'If you've got a drop of spirit handy I think I could go on all right and do the scene.' Those were her very words."

"And then?"

"Well, and then, sir, I gave her the spirit. There's the very bottle on the 'make-up' table. 'Twas my own; I'd brought it on purpose, thinkin' it might be needed—which it was. When my daughter faints away, sir, which she does sometimes, without no warnin' at all—"

"Never mind about your daughter at present," interrupted Macaire, his curious, pale eyes fixed keenly on the woman's commonplace little face. "You gave Miss Gray the spirit, and—"

"And up she jumped, most as soon as 'twas down. 'I believe I've been silly,' she says to me. 'I don't like this, but I've got to do it.' You see, I'd been tellin' her how she'd be sued for breach of contract, and if she'd no money, she'd be put in prison, maybe—"

"When did you tell her that?" quickly broke in the millionaire.

The old woman looked somewhat nonplussed for an instant, but then appeared suddenly to recollect. "Oh, it must have been before she went off in the faint. You see, I was helpin' her early in the evenin'. And then, anyhow, the young lady seemed all right and as sensible as could be. I was goin' out of the room with her, but she wouldn't have it. She was quite strong enough to go alone, she says, and I'd better stop where I was and pick up the nice new costume which I'd pitched on the floor piece by piece as I dragged it off of her. So thinkin' no harm, and havin' had no instructions what to do after I'd got the lady ready, I let her go. I thinks no more about it till a minute or two later along comes Mr. Jeffrey again, askin' 'Where's Miss Gray?'"

"You haven't told me yet why you are all so sure she's in the theater," said Macaire.

Mrs. Purdy pointed to the walls of the dressing-room. "There hangs her clothes, sir," she announced. "There was some talk of takin' 'em away, when she was so obstinate, but that was before she fainted. There they hang. And as these are modern times and Miss Gray ain't the Lady Godiva the poetry's about, it stands to reason she can't have got far."

"I've sent for the door-keeper, who swears that he hasn't left his post tonight, and that Miss Gray didn't go by," added Jeffrey. "Yet the theater's been searched from below the stage up to the flies. The girl's nowhere. She's vanished into air."

Winifred Gray had disappeared as mysteriously as the bride in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough." No trace of her could be found at the theater or elsewhere, either on the night when mystery had swallowed her up or during the days to come.

Macaire had neither expected nor greatly desired the play produced with his money to be a success; but, strangely enough, the very event which caused his keen discomfiture created an artificial vogue for the revival of "Mazeppa."

The scenery was magnificent if the company (save for the vanished star) was poor. Most of the best people had been engaged when Mr. Wantage had

first begun his quest for actors, and he had been given to understand that if Miss Gray were secured the rest of the cast mattered little to the backer; therefore he had been easily suited for most of the parts. But scenery alone and the disproportionately large amount of pictorial advertising which had been done could not have saved "Mazeppa" from failure. The length of its continuance on the boards would have depended upon the sum of money Mr. Macaire was willing to throw away. But the sudden disappearance of the star gave a fillip which perhaps nothing else could have given.

A story had been circulated that the well-known millionaire had been induced to "back" the production because of his infatuation for the Miss Gray who had lately been discharged from the Duke of Clarence's Theater for extraordinary and mysterious reasons. People, even in London, talked a good deal about it, and harsh things were said of Winifred, who was represented as a bold young woman trading upon her charms to handle Lionel Macaire's money, and her "brazen front of impudence" was proved without shadow of doubt by the startling posters she had allowed to be exhibited, representing herself as Mazeppa bound to the horse. She would certainly not have undertaken to play the part and dress it as it had once been dressed by the actress who had made the play famous. It was argued, had she really been the simple, modest girl she had hypocritically tried to appear during her brief months of popularity at the Duke of Clarence's.

Then, on the top of this gossip which associated her name with that of a man notoriously connected with other scandals, more or less of the same sort (though he was not too notorious to be a target for match-making mothers), came the actress's disappearance.

Among all the things which had been said about her, no one had dreamt of starting the theory that she had been deceived as to the part of Mazeppa and its requirements. She was an actress and actresses went through life with their eyes open. And the old story of the thwarted elopement which had, in some inexplicable way, cost the girl her position in Mr. Anderson's company, was revived. It had been freely said before that the man in the case had been Lionel Macaire himself, and, though he posed as a bachelor, there had been many rumors that he had a wife from whom he was separated. But now it was thought that the scandal had been connected with a married man well known in London society, and that the plan which had failed before had been successfully brought off in Brighton. Miss Gray was supposed to have thrown up her engagement and left her manager in the lurch, to run away with a man, differently identified by almost every person who helped to keep the tale in circulation. All agreed in one particular alone. The man had a lovely wife, who was heartbroken at her husband's treachery, and by and by, a divorce case would come on which would make a tremendous sensation in the "highest circles."

Brighton people flocked to the new Thespian Theater, where Miss Gray's understudy, a pretty girl with a good figure and no absurd scruples of squeamishness, made the most of her "great chance." Others even ran down from town to the seaside, ostensibly because "Brighton was so jolly in November, you know," but really to see for themselves the scene in which they might have been shocked at Winifred Gray's boldness, if she had not run off the first night of the piece with Lord So-and-so.

As if the fates were tireless in agitating the "boom" which had saved "Mazeppa" for the benefit of its needy manager and its company of actors, Brighton was favored with another sensation on the very morning after the girl's disappearance.

The startling posters which had been put up only on the afternoon of the first performance were all either torn down from their hoardings or destroyed beyond recognition, the name of Winifred Gray being stripped away from underneath the picture in every case.

Other posters of the same design were ordered and put up to replace the damaged ones after a day or two's delay (for Lionel Macaire still had it in his power to take this mean revenge); but on the following morning they were seen to have gone the way of their predecessors, even though a reward had been advertised for the detection of the guilty person.

Meanwhile Lionel Macaire remained in Brighton, having sent for a detective.

Three Days.

Then Postum Saved Him.

It makes rather solid friends of people when they discover a liquid food that will save life in extreme cases of need.

Speaking of Postum Food Coffee, a lady in Toledo, O., says: "For over five years now I have used Postum Coffee instead of tea, and am in excellent health in place of the ordinary coffee or tea.

"I used to have stomach trouble and every time I drank a cup of ordinary coffee suffered the greatest distress. My troubles left when I left off coffee and began using Postum.

"The most severe test I know of was when my husband was down with gastric typhoid fever. His stomach would retain nothing; we tried milk and various other drinks. Everything we put into his stomach would come up in less than three minutes. After the third day of this kind of work I concluded to give him some Postum Coffee. He drank it and relished it and retained it, and for four weeks he lived on Postum and nothing else to speak of. You can depend upon it that Postum gained some good friends, for Husband would have died if it had not been for the nourishment afforded by Postum Coffee."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

tive from a certain well-known private agency, not to be on the watch, save incidentally, for the destroyer of the posters, but to take up the scent from the start and track down Winifred Gray.

He did not move openly in the matter, Wantage, as business manager of the company, acting for him. But even if the interest which he took in finding the girl leaked out, it could not damage his reputation. He it was who had given the first kick to the football of scandal which at the time of the Duke of Clarence's Theater incident had linked their two names together. Now he was to be pitied, both as the financial backer of a company treacherously deserted by its principal member and as a lover deceived by her upon whom he had bestowed benefits.

The detective was certain that by some method, which it was his duty to discover, the girl had contrived to get away not only from the theater but from Brighton. Everybody else believed this, of course; but then only two or three persons knew the real reason why it would have been especially difficult for the actress to escape. Only Wantage, Jeffrey, Mrs. Purdy, Lionel Macaire, and now the detective, were aware that Winifred had been prepared for the "great scene" while fainting, and that, so far as could be ascertained, she had had no possible opportunity or even time for changing. In spite of this fact, however, the man from Sleight's agency persisted in his theory. The girl must have hidden herself somewhere in the theater for hours, and then received assistance from outside. Once away, she would naturally have taken steps to leave Brighton as soon as possible. Her brother, who had just returned to London, was shadowed, but in vain. It was discovered that Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing-home in Welbeck street, and that she had within the last few days suffered a relapse; but nothing could be learnt there about her daughter.

Lionel Macaire, however, could not be brought to share the detective's theory. He was utterly without religion, yet his was a superstitious mind. He believed in the warning power of dreams, or curious coincidences which had sometimes ruled his conduct on the Stock Exchange or in racing. He had a conviction that Winifred Gray was not far from him; and while it kept its grasp upon him he wished to linger in Brighton.

A week passed on, and still "Mazeppa" flourished at the Thespian Theater; and still the detective had been able to learn nothing of importance about Winifred.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Masked Minstrels.

On the eighth day after Winifred's disappearance Lionel Macaire went out late in the afternoon from the Hotel Metropole, where he was staying, and walked slowly along the King's road. He was thinking of Winifred, as he almost always was now, not sure whether he most loved or hated her; and with thoughts of the girl came up memories of his strange past. Before the eyes of his mind rose the image of a woman far more beautiful than Winifred, of whom the girl reminded him in some of her moods. If that chapter of his life could have ended differently, perhaps he would have been a different man.

"F. E. Z." Though the woman's fair face was only a memory—distant though never dim—and her place in what he called his heart had been usurped by a girl thirty years younger than she—those initials had the power to call up a thrill even now, half delicious, half painful. Oddly enough, just as the plain which had failed before had been successfully brought off in Brighton. Miss Gray was supposed to have thrown up her engagement and left her manager in the lurch, to run away with a man, differently identified by almost every person who helped to keep the tale in circulation. All agreed in one particular alone. The man had a lovely wife, who was heartbroken at her husband's treachery, and by and by, a divorce case would come on which would make a tremendous sensation in the "highest circles."

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Other posters of the same design were ordered and put up to replace the damaged ones after a day or two's delay (for Lionel Macaire still had it in his power to take this mean revenge); but on the following morning they were seen to have gone the way of their predecessors, even though a reward had been advertised for the detection of the guilty person.

The man whom he had seen at the theater, in the very act of doing personal injury to an employee of his, could not have been more than six or seven and twenty; therefore his relationship with F. E. Z. could hardly have been that of a lover, unless she had by some magical power carried the charms of her youth through the chill shadows of middle age. Macaire's married eyes had studied the clear-cut face for traces of a likeness. He had not seen what he sought; still, the fancy had lurked in his mind that the man for whose sake F. E. Z. had been older than Winifred was now: twenty-three or twenty-four years.

He was near enough to hear the masked man say to his companion: "Run, as fast as you can!" He saw the girl turn and try to obey, and he saw the spring that one of the cads made to do what his prostrate chum had failed in doing—tear off her mask.

Up went the girl's hands to defend herself; but the defense was not needed. A smashing blow with the banjo, which brought the taut parchment down on the cockney's head and crushed his hat over a red, astonished face, finished him as a combatant. He retired with a bleeding nose to assist his fallen comrade, while the three others, still in fighting trim, attacked the minstrel, who now stood in front of the red-haired girl.

Two of the men seemed to have some technical knowledge of boxing, as Macaire's trained eye was quick to note, and the third, while his friends used their fists, raised a stick over the tall minstrel's head to avenge the late attack with the banjo.

But the masked man was not to be beaten unawares. Keeping off the two boxers, who were sparring up to him, he sprang suddenly to one side, caught the thick stick which threatened him, broke it in two pieces as if it had been a reed, threw it in the owner's face, and turned his attention again to the principal attack, all without allowing the boxing contingent a chance worth having.

"By Jove, what a fellow!" thought Macaire. "Wonder what he plays the banjo for when he might be coining money with his fists? I'd like to match him against Joey the Kid."

At this instant a big policeman, informed of what was going on by one of the fleeing nurse-maids, appeared upon the scene.

The man who had gone down first was up now, and, seeing the policeman, gave the alarm to his companions.

Before the policeman could get near them they had turned tail and darted away round the first corner and out of sight, the masked minstrel not deigning to follow. He stood his ground, merely stooping to pick up the broken banjo, which he had flung aside for the fight, after smashing the frame too severely for the instrument still to be practicable as a weapon.

If Macaire had had eyes for anyone so insignificant he might have seen that in the mlece somehow the little masked, red-haired girl had contrived to slip away. But he was watching the

stage-door on a certain night full of excitement. If a fool made a mess of his work he deserved to be ignored by his employer and punished by a stranger. Lionel Macaire had no use for fools, and was merciless to those who failed. But, maimed and physically handicapped himself in almost every way, he secretly adored and respected strength and courage above all other attributes of men.

He was jealous of them, too, because of rather than in spite of his admiration, and nothing on earth afforded him more subtle amusement than to make servants of strong men—great giants who could have crushed him with a blow of their fists, yet were forced to become the slaves of his money and the position which that money had won for him.

He did not move openly in the matter, Wantage, as business manager of the company, acting for him. But even if the interest which he took in finding the girl leaked out, it could not damage his reputation. He it was who had given the first kick to the football of scandal which at the time of the Duke of Clarence's Theater incident had linked their two names together. Now he was to be pitied, both as the financial backer of a company treacherously deserted by its principal member and as a lover deceived by her upon whom he had bestowed benefits.

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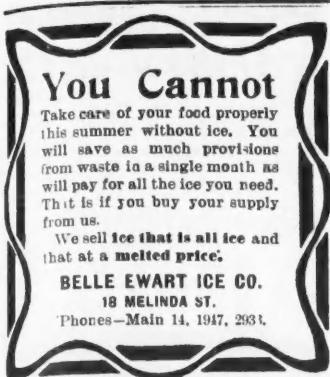
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Curious Bits of News.

Now that the King has quite a stud of motor-cars it has become necessary to create a new household appointment, and the other day Mr. Graham White, well known in the motoring world, was offered the honorable post of "Master of the King's Motor-cars." The post carries with it the distinction of driving the King and the supervision of the royal motoring arrangements.

Fifty telephone stations distributed through the San Gabriel forest reserve in California will be used this summer for the special purpose of giving timely warning in case a fire breaks out anywhere in the woods. Twenty-five rangers will patrol the forest, and, being armed with portable telephones, will be able, in an emergency, to cut in on the nearest wire without losing the time needed to reach a station.

Italy is not the only country that can boast of its buried towns and villages, says the "People's Friend." In Scotland there are the Cublin Sands, covering a large tract of country, under which many dwellings lie entombed; while in Ireland there is the ancient town of Bastron, situated in a once fertile tract between Wexford and Waterford, as effectually covered with sand as ever Pompeii was with red-hot cinders or Herculaneum with lava.

Manufacturers of artists' colors now often use mummies in making their colors, and it is almost certain that a small percentage of some ancient Egyptian rulers went to compose some of the colors used by various R.A.'s in painting their portraits for this year's Academy, says the "Tatler." Mummies were usually preserved in bitumen or the best pitch, and this blended with the bone of the mummy gives a peculiarly beautiful tint, especially in brown or dark blue.

This has so far been a year of disasters. Well-nigh 100,000 souls have been swept into eternity since the beginning of the present year by a remarkable series of disasters, according to the Chicago "Tribune," which keeps a record of such things. The list given by the "Tribune" includes only those disasters occurring before May 20. Before its issue of that day was twelve hours old a waterspout devastated the suburbs of Covington, Ky., claiming six victims. Since then two mining disasters have claimed 200 more.

A custom house decision on seas has been rendered in Switzerland. A pick-

age marked "Trained Fleas" reached Geneva. The nearest analogy the collector could find was that of June bugs, which had been ruled to be "edibles." The case went from one official to another, till it reached headquarters, at Berne, whence, after much investigation and deliberation, the conclusion was reached that the fleas came under the head of "wild animals in a menagerie."

One of the difficulties hitherto encountered by explorers among the gigantic monuments of ancient Egypt is the lack of sufficient light in the buried chambers and long passages of pyramids, tombs and temples. Recently this difficulty in the exploration of the great temple of Karnak has been largely overcome by Professor Maspero through the introduction of electric lamps. The pyramids also are to be lighted with electricity, their mysterious chambers and passageways penetrating the interior of the vast structures will be more easily traversed, and interesting discoveries may result.

Newfoundland dogs, bought by the Life-Saving Service of the Seine to assist in rescuing work, have aroused no end of comment in Paris. The canine savages came near to becoming a political issue. Ridicule and abuse were heaped upon them. They were said to be expensive, stupid, inefficient. At last a newspaper man devised and executed a test. Taking a number of his associates as witnesses, he drove to one of the bridges and leaped into the stream. The dogs showed no interest in the proceeding. The keepers could not make the Newfoundlands plunge into the river. A man with a boat-hook rescued the journalist. Parisian wits are inclined to execute the dogs, who, they suggest, evidently take the view that there ought to be no interference with any act which promised to reduce the number of Parisian journalists.

A few years ago there was such a demand for bicycles that the factories could not supply the demand. Wheels were built by all kinds of people at all kinds of cost. Many were induced to buy cheap wheels with the poorest kind of material and construction. These wheels gave little pleasure to the rider, for they were continually breaking down. As a consequence, thousands of riders soon gave up the pastime which caused them annoyance and discomfort.

A revival of cycling has come, and this year there is a strong demand for good bicycles fitted with the best equipment, including Dunlop tires. The good names before the cycling public to-day mark the "survival of the fittest," and everybody insists on the right kind of tire.

With a mount on which one is confident and undisturbed there comes that mental poise and physical ease from which real benefit is derived.

The "Hen Deceiver."

A friend of mine says "Pick-Me-Up," has invented what he calls a "hen deceiver," for the purpose of promoting industry amongst the ladies of the farmyard. The apparatus is simple, and consists of a box for a nest, with a trapdoor for the bottom, so that when the hen lays an egg it drops through into a receiver underneath,

happily impatiently, until Smith is notified that Mr. Jones is "on the wire," and goes to the telephone in his turn. Jones has wasted some minutes of his valuable time. Smith, on the other hand, has lost no time. He could have saved Jones the waiting by directing his boy to call up Jones' office and ascertain if he were in. Receiving an affirmative answer, he could then have stepped to the telephone and called for Jones, waiting himself until Jones responded. But in that case Smith would have waited, and Smith doesn't care to stand around any more than Jones does. Little vexations like great problems, depend so much on the point of view. What we need is a system of rules that shall be equally respected by Smith and Jones, whether either be the seeker or the sought.

Cycling Revival.

There is a Splendid Demand For Real Good Bicycles.

For pleasure and healthful benefits there is no exercise that can surpass bicycling. It is a bracing, broadening pastime, and no other modern invention has done so much to widen the horizon of the dweller in town, city and country.

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fort as well as adorn the stylish girl's prettiest foot, and give ease to the comfort-loving woman's widest. Three specials :

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Ladies' Patent Oxford heavy extension soles, yellow or black rope stich, "American," sizes 1½ to 7, widths B. C. D. **SPECIAL** \$2.50

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the door closing automatically. When the hen gets up to look for the egg—it has gone, and she thinks she has made a mistake, and lays another. A hen has been known in this way to lay fifteen eggs at a sitting.

well as to the daily papers. Come now, is there any money in literature? Browne—if there isn't it is no fault of mine. I never took any out of it.

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NO. 28.



DISLOYALTY, ingardiness and individual self-interest have been mentioned as the motives which actuate the directorate of the Toronto Baseball Company with respect to their not displaying a Canadian flag on their grand stand. "Saturday Night" would be sorry to think the management disloyal, although the patrons of the game thought that at least on Victoria Day, and on Monday, when flags were raised everywhere in celebration of peace, an effort might have been made to fly some bunting. The very noticeable omission surely cannot be attributed to niggardliness, for, if reports are true, since the season commenced the receipts have been enormous, and if the secretary-treasurer had his way he would personally soon see that a sufficiency was expended to purchase the piece of bunting. Perhaps it is individual self-interest. Surely a United Stateser, even if he is a professional baseball player, would not allow the flying of our Canadian flag over the grand stand to so work on his feelings that he would refuse to give his custom to the president for a suit of clothes or to the vice for a hat. Probably the real solution is that as there are several four figures staring the directorate in the face, they fear to expend a paltry fifty dollars to do the right thing. "Penny wise, pound foolish."

It is much to be regretted that already so early in the season the obscene language used on the field by visiting teams has caused ladies to leave the grand stand. If the game cannot be played without loud, foul-mouthed players expressing themselves in language not fit for decent ears, the sooner it is stopped the better. We must give Mr. Barrow, who is a gentleman, and his team also, every credit for their conduct. It is visiting teams who are the offenders.

The Toronto team are playing good ball, thanks to a non-playing manager, who knows his business, and it is to be hoped that the report that a former player, who has not made good in another league for reasons said to be not creditable to himself, is to be brought back, is not correct. It would be unwise to introduce a disturbing element.

* * *

The Toronto lacrosse players were given a fitting welcome home on their return from their English tour. Their visit to the Old Country should do something towards popularizing lacrosse there, but it is not to be supposed that Canada's national game stands any chance to oust cricket from its time-honored position with Britons. The "Canadian Gazette" (London), commenting editorially on the unbroken series of victories of the visiting lacrosse players, remarks: "The tour is evidence enough that, despite its many attractions, lacrosse has gained no substantial hold in this country; certainly it has not moved one inch towards the displacement of cricket as the paramount summer game. Lest this long series of victories should prove too much for Canadian modesty, it is well to recall the fact that a representative English cricket team would probably enjoy an almost equal succession of triumphs in Canada. Each country plays its own game best."

Lou Scholes' defeat of C. S. Titus at the Harlem River regatta for the single scull championship has added one more feather to the cap of Toronto's most promising oars-



Mr. Louis Scholes.

man. Titus will be the representative of the Union Boat Club in the forthcoming contest for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and the young Torontonian, who has already beaten him and who sails for England in the same steamer with the Argonauts, should, therefore, have no difficulty in attending to the Yankee end of the competition for the coveted trophy, even should he not succeed in landing the prize. The Scholes family have won an enviable place in athletic records, and Toronto looks for big things from the junior representative of the trio.

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The eight who will go to Henley as representatives of the Argonauts are Wright (stroke), Mackenzie, Duggan, Hamber, Mason, Parmenter, Kent and Hardisty (bow).

Bastedo will be coxswain. Doherty and Strange will go along as spare men. The average weight of the eight is 175 and the average age 25. The crew will sail from New York on the "Germanic" on the 10th inst. The performance of the eight in rowing a trial of a mile and a half in dead water in 7 minutes 36 seconds, which was accomplished Monday morning, seems to afford good foundation for the feeling that no crew ever went to Henley with better chances of success.

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This year's meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club is said to have been financially the most successful in the history of the Woodbine track. The attendance was much above the average, and the racing was never better. The day has passed when the O. J. C. meetings were merely local affairs. Visitors now attend the races not only from all parts of Ontario, but from far across the border.

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Even the realm of sports is not to be left to down-trodden man. The advent of the Boston Bloomer Girls this week showed that women can play baseball with the best amateurs the male section of the community can muster. And now it is announced that Toronto is to be entertained this summer with a six days' ladies' bicycle race, for a purse of \$500 and the championship. The track will be a saucer-shaped one and will be banked at an angle of 47 degrees and measure sixteen laps to the mile. Several entries have already been received, amongst them those of the Swedish, German and English champions, and several long distance riders from the United States.

The annual Dominion meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association will be held at the Island track on June 30th and July 1st, and arrangements are now under way for a lengthy and attractive card of races.

To Stephen Phillips.

(After reading "Ulysses.")

Thou hast beheld the subtle beckoning foam
Round siren forelands, and hast bent the ear
To fatal music of the sea-caves drear
Where arch-enchantment hath its feudal home.
And thou caduceus-led hast dared to roam
Far from the glimpses of the sunlit sphere.—
Ay, thou hast mingled with the shades austere
Of mortal frames long crumbled in the loam!

Or, if thou hast not seen and heard these things,
Then must it be, on some Aegean shore,
Great Homer's best-loved acolyte wast thou;
And, while he sang, and touched the trembling strings,
Didst guide his steps from charmed door to door,
And make thine own the song that binds us now!

—Edith M. Thomas in "Critic."

Mark Twain's Opinion of General Funston.

GENERAL FUNSTON is considered an expert in matters military; Mark Twain, an expert in matters humorous. The General professes to consider his capture of Aguinaldo a good joke, the humorist fails to see it in that light. Before the General was silenced by the President, he related to approving audiences the various ruses employed in the capture. All save one of these are accepted by Mr. Clemens as sanctioned by the usages of war. That one was the request made upon Aguinaldo for food, and the subsequent attack on him. Says Mr. Clemens, in the "North American Review":

"Some of the customs of war are not pleasant to the civilian; but ages upon ages of training have reconciled us to them as being justifiable, and we accept them and make no demur, even when they give us an extra twinge. Every detail of Funston's scheme—but one—has been employed in war in the past and stands acquitted of blame by history.

By the custom of war, it is permissible, in the interest of an enterprise like the one under consideration, for a brigadier-general (if he be of the sort that can so choose) to persuade or bribe a courier to betray his trust; to remove the badges of his honorable rank and disguise himself; to lie, to practice treachery, to forge; to associate with himself persons properly fitted by training and instinct for the work; to accept of courteous welcome, and assassinate the welcomed while their hands are still warm from the friendly handshake.

"By the custom of war, all these things are innocent; none of them is blameworthy, all of them are justifiable; none of them is new, all of them have been done before, although not by a brigadier-general. But there is one detail which is new, absolutely new. It has never been resorted to before in any age of the world, in any country, among any people, savage or civilized. It was the one meant by Aguinaldo when he said that 'by no other means' would he have been taken alive. When a man is exhausted by hunger to the point where he is 'too weak to move,' he has a right to make supplication to his enemy to save his failing life; but if he take so much as one taste of that food—which is holy, by the precept of all ages and all nations—he is barred from lifting his hand against that enemy from that time.

"It was left to a brigadier-general of volunteers in the American army to put shame upon custom which even the degraded Spanish friars had respected. We promoted him for it!

"Our unsuspecting President was in the act of taking his murderer by the hand when the man shot him down. The amazed world dwelt upon that damning fact, brooded over it, discussed it, blushed for it, said it put a blot and a shame upon our race. Yet, bad as he was, he had not dying of starvation—begged food of the President to strengthen his failing forces for his treacherous work; he did not proceed against the life of a benefactor who had just saved his own."

The End of the War.

AHEN the bells and whistles set up their unmelodious din on Sunday afternoon there were two young hearts in Toronto that beat with especial gladness. The war in South Africa was ended, at which all the world rejoiced, but for these two a petty but none the less important warfare, stirred up by Cupid with his mediaeval arrows, was brought to a close. The little romance has been no secret, but it now sees the light of print for the first time.

HE was a young United Stateser who came here fresh from college to look after some of his father's Canadian interests. He was a great stickler for democratic institutions, and in the early days of the war took up wordy cudgels for the African republics. They called him a pro-Boer, and had he not been a "decent fellow" in other respects he might have been subjected to indignity on more than one occasion.

SHE was a high-spirited Toronto girl. Her parents were good old English stock, who had brought her up in the fear of the Lord and in reverence for the Crown of England. When the first blood was shed on the veldt she flushed with anger, made a few uncompromising remarks about "the rebels," and gave other evidences of her loyal spirit.

SHE and HE were engaged. Like all engaged people, they indulged in tiffs, but no one paid any more attention than such tiffs merit. Their friends said they were deeply devoted to each other, and they said what was true.

One evening along in the autumn of 1890—a real storm broke. It had been a day of sharp edges—the kind that ruffles the temper. So when he began ranting with more lack of reason than usual about "the overbearing mine-owners who wanted to exterminate two republics merely to serve their own purposes" she became angry and made caustic retorts. He persisted, half in banter, half in conviction. Finally she left the room. A moment later her

face, flushed to a crimson, appeared between the curtains of the drawing-room entrance and a voice quivering with suppressed anger said:

"You will find your ring on the card-case."

For a day or two he went about half-dazed. He wrote an apologetic note only to have it returned unopened. He scolded himself in round terms for having acted "like an ass," and once, becoming sorry for himself, he indulged in a few palliating meditations on the intractability of woman-kind. Well-meaning friends, learning the situation, bore a pleading olive branch to mademoiselle.

"You may tell him," said she after several interviews, "that he may come when his friends (scornfully) the Boers give in."

When he heard this he was joyful because, although a pro-Boer, he did not bank much on the Boers' hanging-on abilities. But the Boers did hang on, and the days began to drag, for Cupid's arrows had been tipped with the real virus this time. Once again he sent a tentative message but it was not entertained. In desperation he prepared to seek a long leave of absence and tried to enlist with one of the military contingents, reasoning that if he had to wait for reconciliation until the war was over the best thing he could do was to help bring it to an end. But the medical men rejected him because he had once spent six weeks in bed with a football knee.

Months passed and rumors of peace grew rife. He had settled himself down, determined to grin and bear it to the bitter end. His manner became subdued, and he was no longer known as the pro-Boer exponent.

On Sunday the bells and the whistles awakened everybody from afternoon lethargy and the word passed, "The war is over."

On Sunday evening the lights burned later than usual in her home. Some time before the hour when Mayor Howland was raised to the rostrum by the howling mob, a flushed face looked back through the curtains into the drawing-room and a man's voice spoke,

"You will find your ring on the card-case," it said.

J. R. BONE.

A June Day.

WHO would lie abed while the little brooks ever call in drowsy murmuring voices to come out from the brick walls and paved streets into green meadows and woodland paths? It takes only a little time, a little pains, to reach an old ruined mill, a lazy little stream, wooded banks, peace and rest. There one may lie with head deep in grass and watch white clouds go floating overhead, shadow and sunshine bringing out all varieties of tone in green leaves, a darting oriole flashing its color one moment in the light, and, through half-closed lids, a winding river.

The search at this season is not for anything so rare and delicate as the arbutus, but for the flower the fit emblem of freedom, flaunting its fairy beauty high, as a king among the lowlier flowers, its delicate blossom of scarlet and yellow swaying and nodding gently on its tall stalk—the columbine. It has five petals, each a long hollow spur, and five colored sepals. Curiously, the name comes from the Latin "Columba," meaning pigeon, from the resemblance the curved petals are said to have to the shape of a pigeon. You will find it growing in clumps among the "Stars of Bethlehem," the foam flower and wild geranium. Gathered together with some tall grasses they make a charming reminder through the week of a day spent beyond the city where the sound of the breaking stubble beneath the foot greets one and the lush grass bends back to let one pass, and the dandelion stem, with its crown of yellow turned to an airy globe of white, casts its sail-borne seeds to the wind at the gentlest touch.

We sleep so sweet a sleep, out there, beneath that bough, with the sound of falling water lulling us and the perfume of all the woods assailing our senses. We sleep a sweeter sleep, too, all the week afterwards and we work with minds fresh and rested.

GLADYS BACON.

Guglielmo Marconi.

WE are not yet receiving all the benefits of wireless telegraphy. But by, say, the day after tomorrow this will be remedied, so fast do we move.

The stock ticker has been ticking in everybody's ears now for a long time, and it is getting to be a poor barometer that cannot support a telephone. But heretofore it has still been possible for us to get out at sea and be alone—to forget that books are being published every hour, that the Legislature at Albany is in session, that Cuba is being annexed, and that Chauncey Devey is still talking to his contemporaries.



Ernest Haskell's Caricature of Marconi.

Now, however, young Guglielmo has cut the cables, and made silence creep out of its last hole and vanish into space.

A short description of wireless telegraphy may not be inappropriate, only about three or four hundred volumes having been published in the last six months.

Young Marconi began his experiments in his mother's back yard in Italy with clothes poles, and finding that he could easily communicate from one clothes pole to another without wires, he began putting them farther apart, until finally he has them on opposite sides of the Atlantic.

This shows us what perseverance will accomplish.—New York "Life."

Fiddle-ticks!

People who honor their fathers and their mothers have the comforting promise that their days shall be long in the land. They are not sufficiently numerous to make the life assurance companies think it worth their while to offer them special rates.—"Pick-Me-Up."

It's queer that people who are always railing at the world are nevertheless willing to pay the doctors a fortune to keep them from leaving it in a hurry.—Atlanta "Constitution."

Notes From the Capital.

The Popular Ottawa Members.—The Distinguished Exodus to Europe.—The Musical Romances and Their Queen.

ANUMBER of ladies were in the Russell Theater on the night that Hon. G. W. Ross spoke there, and although his speech did not win Ottawa, it won for him the admiration of all the women in the audience, and no doubt made them, at least for some time to come, good Liberals. As a matter of fact, nobody was greatly surprised at the result of the next day in Ottawa, for Mr. Berkeley Powell, M.P.P., and Mr. Dennis Murphy, M.P.P., are two of Ottawa's most prominent and most popular citizens. In the evening there was almost as much excitement in town as there is on the night of a general election, excitement such as the present generation has never seen caused by a Provincial election. Sparks street was from seven o'clock upwards almost impassable for carriages, and the street cars just managed to squeeze through the crowds gathered in front of the bulletins put up by the Montreal "Star," while the bulletins of the "Free Press" and "Journal" offices made Elgin street an impenetrable mass of humanity. But a'st! the cheers of the crowd proved beyond doubt that in Provincial politics at least Ottawa is Conservative stronghold. Strange to say, Mr. Berkeley Powell and Mr. Dennis Murphy, the Ottawa M.P.P.'s, live almost within a stone's throw of each other (fortunately being of the same stripe they won't want to throw the stone). Both residences are among the handsomest in Metcalfe street. Both are corner houses, the elder of whom, Miss Marjorie Powell, is attending Miss Veals' boarding-school in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell have two little daughters, the elder of whom, Miss Marjorie Powell, is attending Miss Veals' boarding-school in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell are one of the handsomest women of the Capital. Mrs. Berkeley Powell is a daughter of Mr. Gordon Pattee, one of Ottawa's lumber kings. She is one of the sweetest and prettiest women of Ottawa. I do not remember having heard of Mrs. Powell ever accompanying her husband to Toronto during the session of the Legislature. Her not going is no doubt because she has been in rather poor health during the past four years. Should she ever go she is certain to be popular.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are at home once more. The last few days of their absence from Ottawa were spent at their old home in Arthabaskaville. They leave Ottawa on the 13th, and sail from New York on the following day. Sir Wilfrid will be accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Boudreault.

His Excellency the Earl of Minto, accompanied by Lady Ruby Elliott—who is being congratulated on her success in the music examinations in Toronto last week—leaves Ottawa on Friday, sailing on Saturday morning in the "Parisian." Lord Minto is taking his private secretary, Mr. Arthur Sladen, with him, and Captain Bell, A.D.C., will, during the absence of His Excellency, do some extensive travelling in Canada, perhaps as far as the Klondike. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwin Harris will be passengers in the "Parisian." Among the privates of the Coronation contingent are two men well known in Ottawa society, both of whom served in South Africa with Strathcona's Horse. These are Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall and Mr. Felton Gilmour. The former is a son of the Hon. William Macdougall and a nephew of Mrs. C. E. Harris, and has been for the past few months occupying the position of English secretary to Sir Wilfrid. Hon. W. S. Fielding and the Misses Fielding will be passengers on the "Tunisian," sailing a week later; also Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick is not going over before the autumn, and Mr. Tarte says now that he will not go over, although Mrs. Tarte and Miss Marie Tarte have been expecting him in Paris for some weeks. Miss Montizambert, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, is sailing on the 14th, and after spending some weeks in England she will join Mrs. Sewell and the Misses Sewell of Quebec, and travel with them for a year on the Continent.

His Excellency, attended by Captain Bell, A.D.C., and accompanied by Major and Mrs. Maude, was present at the closing of the Normal School last Friday night. About one thousand invitations were sent out

d. Exodus to Queen.

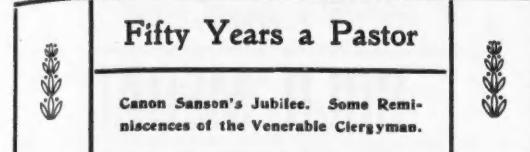
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Of special interest to the citizens of Toronto more particularly to the older residents of the city, was the celebration on Sunday and Monday evening last of the jubilee of the venerable and much-beloved Canon Sanson of Trinity Church. Fifty years as rector of Trinity, and sixty busy years spent in the service of his church as an ordained clergyman—such is the enviable record of Alexander Sanson, whom, as attested by the warmth and enthusiasm which characterized all the meetings in connection with the celebration of his jubilee, his parishioners and a host of life-long friends delight to honor. Sixty years crowded full of acts of sweet charity and self-sacrifice—small wonder that Canon Sanson should find his closing years his best years—years wherein the honors and rewards accruing to him as the result of faithful service are but a foretaste of the greater joys that await him.

As is natural, the reverend gentleman is full of reminiscences of the early days of church life in and around



Rev. Canon Sanson.

Toronto, and but for the native modesty which forbids his alluding to incidents wherein he himself figured prominently, a very interesting biographical sketch might be written. Born in Edinburgh on the 6th of January, 1819 Mr. Sanson came to Canada in 1833, completing his studies for the ministry at King's College. Of those that were ordained with him on the 8th of May, 1842, none have survived until the present time, the last of the little company to go being the late Bishop of the Island of St. Helena, who died only a few months ago. On the erection of St. John's Church, York Mills, in 1842, Canon Sanson was appointed rector, he having laid the first and last stone of that structure. To make room for this church an old frame building erected in 1816, and in which services had been conducted by the late Bishop Strachan of old St. James' Cathedral, was pulled down. The vicinity of York Mills was at that time called by the very high-sounding title of "Hog's Hollow." Canon Sanson relates that Bishop Strachan was in the habit of announcing from his pulpit in St. James' his proposed visits to the little church in the wards. "I'm going out to Hog's Hollow, so there will be no service here this afternoon." Arrived at "Hog's Hollow," the good Bishop would invariably find only a mere handful of male parishioners present, the building being deemed so unsafe that only the men could be induced to enter it. This would perhaps indicate the superior religious zeal of men to women, in those pioneer days at all events, but in giving this little reminiscence Canon Sanson with his broad charity, refused to press the comparison to the disadvantage of the weaker sex. At the laying of the corner stone of St. John's, York Mills, the small collection of coins and sundry medals which had been deposited in the corner stone of the old church was transferred to the new corner stone. One medal bore the name "Sir Peregrin Maitland," which was taken to prove this titled gentleman to have been present at the first ceremony in 1816. Besides Canon Sanson, there were present at the laying of the corner stone of St. John's, Lord Cavendish, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and Bishop Strachan.

After serving at York Mills for ten years, during which time an outbreak of smallpox found him constantly in attendance at the bedside of those suffering from the dread disease, Canon Sanson was in 1852 appointed rector of Trinity Church, which had been built nine years previous to this time, in 1843. During his long pastorate in Trinity many seasons of stress and sore trial have found him ever at his post. In 1854 an epidemic of Asiatic cholera broke out in the city. The disease was of so virulent a type that out of forty-four cases only one survived, a young lady at whose bedside Canon Sanson was constantly in attendance. He afterwards officiated at the young lady's marriage, and some twenty years later at the marriage of her daughter.

During the pastorate of Canon Sanson Trinity Church has had its full share of distinguished parishioners. Among these might be mentioned Hon. Edward Blake, his father, mother, brothers and sisters, who were regular attendants; the late Hon. Rupert Wells, for long Speaker of the Legislature, deceased only May 11th last; the late Chief Justice Robert Harrison, the late Chief Justice Moss, the late Justice Harrison, who came out from England to establish the County Court, and who lived at Brockton, walking in to Trinity every Sunday; the Very Rev. Maurice Baldwin, Bishop of Huron; Dean Inniss of London, and the present Mr. Justice Moss of the Court of Appeal, and many others.

The services in connection with the jubilee celebration were of a particularly interesting character. On Sunday morning Canon Sanson himself preached the sermon, being assisted in the service by a number of his fellow-clergy. A beautiful silver communion service, purchased by the parishioners in commemoration of the occasion, was used for the first time. On Sunday afternoon a young people's gathering in the schoolhouse was addressed by Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., for many years superintendent of the Sabbath school; while in the evening the service was conducted by Rev. Professor Cody, who made special reference to the value and significance of Canon Sanson's long service to his church. The Monday evening meeting was of a social character, consisting of the presentation of an address, and congratulatory speeches by many friends. A feature of this gathering was the presence with Canon Sanson of his daughter, Mrs. R. W. E. Greene, wife of



The Conqueror of Egypt and South Africa.

Canon Greene of Orillia; his granddaughter, Mrs. Stewart of Toronto, and little Miss Stewart, a child of three years of age—representing four generations.

At the ripe old age of 83, Canon Sanson still preaches in Trinity Church every Sunday morning. A partial explanation of the remarkable energy and vitality that make this labor possible is found in the cheerfulness and genial hopefulness so apparent in the benign countenance of the venerable gentleman, for is it not true that "a merry heart doth good like a medicine?" C. E. F.

The Maiden and the Marquis.

The Marquis, as the painful moments sped,
Each painful moment grew a shade more pale:
The Maiden's cheeks were flushed, her eyes were red—
And thereby hangs a tale.

A week before the Marquis had, with rare
And most imitable grace and art,
Entrusted to the Maiden's loving care
His title and his heart.

(The Maiden and the Marquis, by the by,
In Europe, accidentally, had met)—
The Maiden moved in Smart Society,
The very Smartest Set.

Her charming gowns—she bought them by the score—
Five hundred dollars for each gown she paid—
And other fascinating things she wore,
The latest mode displayed.

Vast wealth, wit, beauty, winning ways, had she—
A combination sweet to contemplate.
An elegant young Nobleman was he,
Adonis up to date.

He often spoke—without a trace of pride—
Of his possessions and his long descent,
While she, an eager listener, by his side,
In bliss each moment spent.

The polished Maiden—one would never guess
Her culture was a product of Duluth—
Already saw herself a Marchioness,
The consort of the youth.

No longer did she look on little Jones
(Jones graced the circles of her native town)
With tender eyes of love; her dulcet tones
No more encouraged Brown.

Why did the Maiden with the Youth of rank,
In bitter personalities engage?—
The Youth was but (her mind is still a blank)
A Marquis on the Stage.

E. C. MACKENZIE.

A Bold Protest.

THE Scottish Home Rule Association, meeting in Edinburgh, has addressed the following letter to the Archibishop of Canterbury:

My Lord.—The publication in the press of the ceremonial to be observed in Westminster Abbey at the King's Coronation has had our most serious consideration, and as the chief actor in that ceremony, we address this solemn and formal protest against the many breaches of the constitution of Great Britain and Ireland in that ceremony, and the glaring falsehood of the King assuming the title Edward VII., to which you propose giving the sanction of the Christian Church. We will make no further comment upon the barbaric ceremony than to say that it is an insult to the intelligence of the age that will make thoughtful persons hang their heads with conscious pity.

The first breach of truth is the accepting of the King as being Edward Seventh of Great Britain and Ireland. There never was an Edward who was King of these dominions. There were Edwards Kings of England, some of whom were and are still abhorrent to every true Scotman; the wicked Norman line who oppressed the English and Irish people and cruelly invaded the Scots, whom they could not conquer, but in the attempt worked untold cruelty and misery upon the people. These are uncontroversial facts, and your office is prostituted when it gives the sanction of the Church to this historic lie. The anointing with holy oil we submit is a gross piece of superstition worthy of the worst days of the Middle Ages, and abhorrent to the religious sentiments of the British people.

It is reported that you are to use these words, after making the sign of the cross upon the head and hands of the King, "Be thou anointed with holy oil as kings, priests and prophets were anointed, and as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed blessed and consecrated King over this people whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

There is not a word in this whole sentence but what is fraught with mischief. It practically annuls the oath taken by the King to the constitution in an earlier part of the ceremony, by giving him a higher title to rule the people. There is no holy oil or holy water in the reformed Church of these realms. By declaring the Divine right of the King to rule, like unto Solomon, who was an irresponsible despot, you give the sanction of the Church to a principle that has been repudiated by every free people, and this attempt to revive it may work untold misery to future generations of Britons when a monarch arises who will try to act on this supposed Divine sanction to reign. Besides, it is as false as it is pernicious, for the King is called to the throne by the Parliament of Great Britain, whose gift it is and who have the authority both to bestow and to take away. Not only in its appearance but in its mechanical construction the great building is like the prow of an enormous steel ship.

and Scottish Parliaments, who set aside the legitimate line, who claimed Divine right, in favor of the Elector of Hanover. These Acts of Settlement have not been repealed, and are the foundation of the Hanoverian dynasty, from which the King derives his sole claim to the British crown.

It is reported that the King is to present the bread and wine at holy communion. In the evil days of the Roman Empire the emperors were placed among the gods and worshipped. In the ceremonial at Westminster the homage paid to a mere mortal, and the putting the King in the place of Christ, to dispense bread and wine at the communion, comes very near such an evil precedent.

The Scottish people are both religious and law-abiding, and therefore pay the greatest deference to those who are set to rule over them. Had these rulers in Scotland done their duty to the people, as established by the said Act of Settlement, there would have been but one voice in Scotland, and that would have been to protest against this monstrous assumption of the King's advisers. Although we may rejoice that the Church of Scotland is not to be represented at this degrading and obsequious ceremony, it would be well to remind your lordship that at a State function the Church of Scotland stands on the same platform of equality as the Church of England, both being the endowed Church of the realm.

We therefore feel it to be our duty, with all reverence and true patriotism, thus to voice the universal sentiment of the Scottish race, both at home and abroad, when we repudiate the portions of the ceremony referred to as binding on us or on our posterity or any other citizen of Great Britain who may be like minded, and we will take such means as may be necessary to let this protest be known over the civilized world. We are, most reverend,

Your Grace's obedient servants,

JOHN ROMANS, Chairman.
CHARLES WADDIE, Hon. Sec.

The Breadth of a Peeress.

The peeresses have induced the King to increase the seating capacity allotted to each of them in Westminster Abbey from sixteen to twenty inches.—Daily Paper.

The peeresses of England are built in varied ways; Some find it hard and tiresome to lace their gilded stays, While others, lean and scrawny, are likewise somewhat sad To think, perchance, their compeers may recognize they pad.

But oh, the busts and figures were ousted from their minds,

And personal defections were scattered to the winds.
When Edward ruled that inches sixteen would surely fit The very ample portion on which each dame would sit.

Much pressure on King Edward the peeresses did bring, And now each noble lady can chant, "God save the King!" They've gained the large extension the which they did implore,

And each tiara'd lady has now four inches more.

—Town Topics.

THE MOST REMARKABLE BUILDING IN THE WORLD.



The "Flatiron" Building, which is being erected in New York at the southern junction of Broadway and Fifth avenue, is more than remarkable for several reasons. It is built to a height of twenty stories above the ground, on a plot of land most difficult for construction purposes, and perhaps the most valuable situation in the whole world. The building stands at the junction of the two most famous avenues in America, and more people pass the spot each day with both the means and intention to buy anywhere else. Not only in its appearance but in its mechanical construction the great building is like the prow of an enormous steel ship.



Canada's Only and Original Pole-Climber.

"A bon jour, M'sieu Asterisk."

"Bon jour to you, Captain Bernier. I thought you were off to the North Pole."

"Ah, non—not yet, M'sieu, mais so soon as ze people of Canada gif me ze funds necessaires! I thought perhaps you might help ze good cause on, M'sieu. We make ze appeal everywhere, and we hope for ze leetle quarters of ze citoyens—ouï, for ze sots of ze children—as well as for ze beeg monnaie of Government. By-on-by, m'ebbe, perhaps, we shall have enough. Zen we start for ze Nord Pole wit' one grand r'n, and we plant dere le drapeau Canadien—ze Union Shack you call 'em—and we say 'Dis is to Canada! Take 'im away who dares!'

"You seem very confident, Captain, of doing what all the other pole-chasers have failed to do."

"Oui, I am, as you here in Awtario say, 'cock-sure.' You see, M'sieu, I hat all ze details arranged. We shall sail from Vancouver into ze polar seas. We shall let ze ice wedge us in on ze nort' coast of Alaska. Zen we shall drift wit' ze current till we are honderd an' fifty mile from ze Pole. Zen we take to ze ice. First, ze first officer—he will go forty or fifty mile wit' hollow post. He return an' ze officer nex' in order go likewise. Zen all is ready pour moi. I go. Ze provision is dere for me along ze ontire route. I make ze trip over ze ice ver' fast. I reach ze Pole. I hoist ze Union Shack. Ze Pole, he belong to Canada."

"Bravo! It is done," I said.

"Oui, M'sieu, c'est un fait accompli. We shall haf t'ree automobile sleighs, one for electricity, one for gasoline, one for petroleum. We shall get ze electricity from windmills—ouï, M'sieu. We shall haf ze wireless telegraph of Marconi. Our ship shall be heated wit' electricity. We shall haf portable houses to set up on ze ice. We shall have ze music box pour amusement an' ze graphophone pour recorder ze song et ze win' in ze rigging an' ze growl of ze ice-grind. When we return, we shall lecture and write ze book. Oh, it is as easy as roll off ze log, M'sieu."

"Undoubtedly—quite so, Captain," I assented. "And while you are about it, why not carry along a few cows to provide fresh milk en route and to stock the country for future expeditions. Then, of course, you will have a vita scope apparatus to take pictures of you and your mates chasing over the icebergs in your automobiles or mailing the colors to the Pole. And don't forget to organize a brass band in the ship's company. A few waltzes might serve to enlist the friendship of the polar bears, and the band could play into port on your return. There's nothing like thinking out all the details beforehand, is there, Captain? With your music boxes, graphophones, automobiles, hollow posts, and other facilities you are certain to reach the Pole, but don't forget the cows, the vitascope, or the brass band. I assure you they are absolutely essential to success."

ASTERISK.

"Thinking" Oneself to Death.

THOUSANDS of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects. As a rule, the thought that kills relates to something the individual dreads more than anything else in the world. There is the germ of fatal thought in ninety-nine persons in every hundred, and the exception is only proof against the thought disease by having been inoculated with the lymph of profound optimism or philosophy. The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, that one is getting on in life without improving prospects—any of them, or a thousand similar thoughts, may carry a healthy man to a premature grave. A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much "doctoring" as physical disease; it needs to be eradicated from the mind, or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have. The thought-disease sometimes cures itself after running its course; so does smallpox. But who would settle down to suffer from smallpox and chance recovery, thousands of foolish persons settle down to let the thought-disease, which has attacked them, do its worst? Every melancholy thought, every morbid notion, and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be physicianed by cheerful thoughts, of which here is a store in everyone's possession, bright companions—cheaper than drugs, and pleasanter.

News Notes From the Philippines.

GENERAL TAFFY announces that the end is in sight. He figures that by the beginning of the rainy season in 1915 not more than three hundred thousand troops will be needed in the islands.

Some confusion and delay has been experienced in Samar over the claims made by candidates for assimilation that they were under ten. The matter was referred to Colonel Bludd, who decided that a native who knew enough to raise the point was of age.

The climate being too sultry for Ping-Pong, a new game called Quarts is the rage at the clubs. A native is caught and brought in and the players guess as to how much water he will hold under pressure. Each player pays a dollar, and after the test is made at the pump, the pot goes to the winner.

Senator Phatik, who has spent over two weeks studying the inhabitants of Northern Looon, says they are a singularly frank and communicative race. He says that merely trying not to tell something means torture to them.

The drought in the neighborhood of Bang-Bang has seriously hampered the work of the Health Department in the administration of the water cure. It is proposed to try compressed air.—New York "Life."

Evidently Friday is to be the great day for State events during King Edward's reign. The first court was held on Friday. The King's birthday is to be celebrated on Friday, and the Coronation procession is to be on Friday.

An author who had sent his latest effort in fiction to Disraeli received the following complimentary acknowledgment: "I thank you for the book you sent me, and will

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

North German Lloyd

**EXPRESS STEAMERS
REGULAR SAILINGS
COURTEOUS ATTENTION
LARGE AIRY ROOMS
SPLENDID VENTILATION**

Sailings, rates, plans and full information—
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
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AMERICAN LINE
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
St. Paul.....June 4 St. Paul.....June 25
St. Louis.....June 11 St. Louis.....July 2
Philadelphia.....June 18 Philadelphia.....July 9

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS
Sailing Wednesday at noon.
Zeebrugge.....June 1 Southwark.....June 18
Friesland.....June 11 Vlaardingen.....June 21

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Send post-card for 1902 sailings and rates
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For rates and further information—

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ITALIAN ROYAL MAIL LINE.
New York and Mediterranean Ports.

Splendid new steamships fitted with the
very latest improvements. Weekly sailings.

R. H. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto

Niagara River Line
4 TRIPS DAILY
(Except Sunday)

Steamers CHICORA and CORONA

On and after June 2nd will leave Yonge Street
Dock (East Side), 11 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m.,
and 4:45 p.m. for

Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston

connecting with New York Central and Hud-
son River R.R., Michigan Central R.R.,
Niagara Falls Park & River R.R., and Niagara
Gorge R.R. JOHN FOY, General Manager.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

**BOOK TICKETS
\$10.00**

20 ROUND TRIPS On Sale At

A. F. WEBSTER'S

North-East Corner King and Yonge Streets

Excursion to Boston.

The West Shore Railroad will run
a popular excursion to Boston on Friday,
May 23, by regular trains, the fare from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo only ten dollars (\$10) for the round trip, tickets good for return up to and including Monday, June 2. See West Shore ticket agents for further information.

Anecdotal.

In pronouncing sentence, a Scotch Judge once added: "Ye did not only kill and murder the man, and thereby take away his valuable life, but ye did push, thrust or impel the lethal weapon through the bellyband of his regimental trousers, which were the property of His Majesty."

Curran said to Father O'Leary, the wittiest priest of his day, "I wish you were St. Peter." "Why?" asked O'Leary. "Because," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven and could let me in." "It would be better for you," said O'Leary, "that I had the keys of the other place." "Why?" asked Curran. "Well, then I could let you out."

Samuel Foote, the English actor, was one day invited for a few moments into

"The Book Shop."

PLEASANT MISSIVES

Dainty writing papers in charming shades of gray, blue and cream are at the "Book Shop," with the texture of pieces of fine linen.

The "Book Shop" will be pleased to supply them with or without stamped initials, the stamping being done in the "Book Shop" imprimery from a special die of steel prepared to order.

Specimen sheets will be gladly mailed to out-of-town customers who desire "correct" stationery.

**WM. TYRRELL & CO.
8 KING ST. WEST.**



Mother (exhibiting first-born)—Don't you see a resemblance? Look at our faces side by side.

Visitor—Nothing could be plainer.

a club where he was a stranger. Left alone a minute, he did not seem quite at ease. Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up to speak to him, but became embarrassed himself and could only say: "Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." Whereupon Foote, looking around with playful suspicion, and hurriedly thrusting his handkerchief back into his pocket, replied: "Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."

At one of the great London hospitals a cold storage chamber was being constructed in connection with the post-mortem room, and the secretary of the hospital, on going to see how the work was getting on, found that the chamber was being fitted with double doors—and those of small size—instead of one large door. He made enquiries as to the reason for this deviation from the original plan, when the chief carpenter, who was superintending the work, replied: "Oh, sir, we are putting in double doors and a wooden partition in order to keep the sexes apart!" *

Two gentlemen who were playing cards at a New York club were very much annoyed by other members, who stood behind their chairs and interested themselves in the game. Finally one of the players asked one of the spectators to play the hand for him until he returned. The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room. Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were. "They are playing cards in the next room," was the waiter's reply.

President Roosevelt possesses a characteristic sense of humor. It is vigorous and sometimes almost grotesque. When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, during the preparation for the Spanish war, the Government was buying a number of yachts to be converted into torpedo-boats, despatch-boats, scouts, etc. Considerable intimacy existed between the family of President Roosevelt and that of one of the officers in the navy in the department. The wife of this officer got a fancy she would like to have one of these beautiful little boats bear her name. There is a prejudice in the navy against giving a woman's name to a war vessel of any type. It is believed to be unlucky. But the officer, who found it easier to face official prejudice than to resist the importunities of his better half, made the request of Mr. Roosevelt. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy hesitated. "It won't do," he said. "I would like to oblige your wife, but a woman's name won't do." Then a thought occurred to him, and he replied, "I will fix it," he said. "Tell your wife it will be all right." The next day the boat was named "The Vixen." And the officer who had made the request was placed in command of her.

Thanks For Both.

French Gentleman Gracefully Expresses His Own and His Wife's Gratitude.

A Strong Letter Written With the Noble Purpose of Trying to Benefit Someone Else.

St. Hippolyte, Que., June 2.—(Special)—Mr. L. A. Paquin of this village has written for publication the following letter. In it he speaks for both himself and his wife. The letter reads:

"After much suffering I had become unable to work. I had Kidney Trouble which gave me great pain."

"My wife had used a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills for a similar trouble some time before, and, as they had completely restored her to good health, I made up my mind to take a treatment myself."

"I was not disappointed, and I can now say that I have tried and proved Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the greatest medicine in the world."

"We are now both quite well, and able to do our work as well as ever."

"We have found Dodd's Kidney Pills to be a remedy, which saves us the pains and trouble which we so often see in others who are languishing and incapable of attending to their work."

"We keep Dodd's Kidney Pills constantly on hand, and use them occasionally if we feel the slightest indisposition. We have used altogether between us six boxes."

"Perhaps I should explain why I write this letter. It is because I feel there may be many others who have not heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, or who, having heard, have not yet given them a trial, and to such I would say, 'Give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial and you will agree with my wife and husband that there is not any other such medicine to be had.'

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Paquin and his good wife who suffer from Kidney Disease in any form.

Who Knocks?

Welcome Letters. One Woman's Woes.
When Peace Came.

SOMETIMES, when one is absorbed in work, a rap upon the door breaks the tension, and after a moment's deliberation the pros have it, and, for fear of missing a tree, open it, and are surprised to find a sorrowful little old man whose welcome just depends on a dime. If I have the dime he goes away with it, leaving many blessings and a little oil painting. Can you fancy anyone painting a rock and a tree and a bit of blue sky for ten cents? The little old man does so, and the pictures have their points, I can tell you; the blue is very blue, and the green is very green, and the cloudlets are exceeding white. He got dollars instead of cents once for his pictures, this little, frayed and weary soul, but he is very old and very feeble now, and he has only the power to do little four by eight things that bring the welcome dimes for his humble bed and board. There is a blustering, aggressive but hearty young Irishman, who has one of those cute little savings banks that gather pennies while you wait, and he is persistent and evidently on commission, so that it rather takes it out of one to repulse him. The production of the small Dublin blue and white tea-pot, full of the harmless necessary change, vanquishes him, however. Some heraldic approval of such a money-saver seems to appeal to him from the other side of the sea, and he resignedly puts up his natty little bank in its box and goes his way with a subdued twinkle in his bright eye. There is always some idiot looking for a number far removed from the one over the door, and which he has always passed near the foot of those sixty-three steps that lead to the sanctum. It's a satisfaction to know that he has climbed to expiate his sin of not looking out before times. There is the gentle maiden who has no idea of time, and who airily says: "Oh, write that to-morrow!" and brushes aside as of no importance whatever the telephone ringing for copy, or the representations of yourself as to the hour of day. The ice-man knocks to know if you expect him to carry ice up to the roof without encouragement of a negotiable nature, and the telephone repairer calls to look at your instrument of torture, and muddles about for half an hour, and the postman wants three cents for an underpaid letter, and the neighbor wants to leave a message for a possible visitor, and the janitress wants to tell you it's a fine day. And every one of them knocks and has to have the door unfastened, so that you take quite a lot of exercise of a physical as well as a mental description during the writing of a paragraph such as this.

President Roosevelt possesses a characteristic sense of humor. It is vigorous and sometimes almost grotesque. When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, during the preparation for the Spanish war, the Government was buying a number of yachts to be converted into torpedo-boats, despatch-boats, scouts, etc. Considerable intimacy existed between the family of President Roosevelt and that of one of the officers in the navy in the department. The wife of this officer got a fancy she would like to have one of these beautiful little boats bear her name. There is a prejudice in the navy against giving a woman's name to a war vessel of any type. It is believed to be unlucky. But the officer, who found it easier to face official prejudice than to resist the importunities of his better half, made the request of Mr. Roosevelt. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy hesitated. "It won't do," he said. "I would like to oblige your wife, but a woman's name won't do." Then a thought occurred to him, and he replied, "I will fix it," he said. "Tell your wife it will be all right." The next day the boat was named "The Vixen." And the officer who had made the request was placed in command of her.

There are numbers of friends abroad this summer who will be glad of a letter from stay-at-home folks, just the chatty chronicle of the town and its happenings. There are some distant friends lying ill who were the kindest of hosts to us when they were here and healthy. Such have hours of homesickness in the most luxurious resorts and sanatoriums. Ever such a little word from home, of cheery sympathy and newsy brightness, will be precious to them, and not forgotten when they sum up their real friends. We are apt to imagine that those who travel are wrapped up in their own interests and experiences each hour of the twenty-four. Sometimes it may be so, but generally, speaking from personal experience, letters from home are most welcome to travelers. We don't write because we don't take this idea in, and because we feel at such a disadvantage, left behind, as it were. But when the traveler who has had no letter for six months comes home and finds here one dead, and there one wed, the friends of last year "out" and new loves installed, the inevitable shock and the difficult grasp of new conditions is a trial to travel-worn nerves, which would have been avoided by the gentle "tips" of even one good and faithful correspondent.

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June 7, 1902

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

The Bound of the Astorbils.

A MODERN DETECTIVE STORY.

I.

The great detective gave utterance to a mystifying chuckle, as he scrutinized the crushed bone collar-button which he had just discovered beneath the dresser. The next instant he had placed it in his hand.

"What do you make of it, Watson?" he asked, opening a fresh carton of cigarettes and lighting two packages at once.

As I did not immediately reply, he stepped over to the table, rolled up his sleeve and injected a half-ounce of cocaine into his forearm.

"Well," said he presently, "are you not decided?"

"Our visitor," I replied, desperately discarding the ingenuousness he always insisted upon, "was a tall, slender female of about forty-five, unmarried, and carrying a pup pup under her left arm. From the peculiar traces of reddish-brown mud on the rug, I deduce that she came here directly from East Ontario, Ohio. She wore a light-green bombazine ulster over a yellow-and-red percale waist and a lavender brocade skirt; a black patch over her left eye and a mouse-colored wig. She remained in this room exactly seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds, three minutes of which period were occupied in smoking a Trichinology cigar and gazing fixedly at yonder painting of 'The Monster Hound'."

Sherlock Holmes uttered an ejaculation of amazement.

"In Heaven's name, Watson," he cried, "how did you arrive at these conclusions?"

"Himself," I replied, with the deepest feeling in my voice, "as I live, you are at liberty to search me."

II.

Sherlock Holmes donned his dressing-gown and slippers and stood before the fireplace, a copy of Monsieur Lecoq in one hand and one arm resting affectionately about the portrait of Edgar Allan Poe. The picture thus formed was most effective.

"I will hurriedly describe our visitor, Watson," he said calmly: "and mind, you take it all with the most astounding admiration—that's your job. Our man, who left this room not more than an hour ago, was short and thin, and wore checkered trousers and a gray frock-coat, and was disguised in a light-green beard and a monocle, which he was compelled to hold in place with one hand. He is the possessor of great wealth and absorbing ambition, considerable integrity and blue eyes. He is a man who is held in the utmost esteem by his ex-countrymen. To conclude—of course, I have saved the most startling fact for the last—he is of American birth, and though, as I have said, thin yet his coat was 'Size 48; Extra Stout.'

When I had sufficiently revived, I said weakly: "Go ahead; the sooner it's over the better."

The diamond coronet which the Lord Chamberlain entrusted to me has been abstracted from this room within the last two hours. During that time, you and I being absent, there arrived here the man I have just described. He entered without knocking, shortly after ten, the first thing his eyes lighted upon was the sparkling coronet lying there on the center-table; where I had left it—purposely, as, indeed, Watson, I do all things in this life. Instantly our visitor seized the bauble and proceeded to substitute it for a small pillow which he had been wearing beneath his cravat. The pillow he flung out of that open window; you will observe that it still lies in the mud below. In stuffing the coronet into his breast, however, this collar-button became loosened and fell to the floor. At this our visitor lost his temper, and, having crushed the button beneath his heel, he angrily kicked it under the dresser. Another collar-button now became a requisite, and as your diamond stud was lying before him, he made instant use of it. Being an honest man, he then drew from his pocket a package of paper money—curiously enough, all in American greenbacks just received from his investments in New York—flung it on the dresser and was gone."

Sherlock Holmes held up a fat roll, evidently of money, wrapped in a \$1,000,000 bill.

III.

"But the green beard?" I cried, readily accepting my cue to re-enter the dialogue.

"If you will take the trouble to notice carefully, Watson, you will find a long, verdant hair coiled about the stem of the button. Now, no natural beard is ever raised in that shade; consequently, our visitor adopted this chin-covering as a disguise."

"And the blue eyes?"

Sherlock Holmes took from his experiment rack a test-tube containing a dark-red fluid.

"You will observe that the interior of this room is absolutely devoid of the slightest trace of the color blue. Very good; in this test-tube is a quantity of bi-citrate of Guggenheim, a peculiar chemical known only

to myself, which, originally orange in tint, when brought into the presence of the color blue instantly becomes a dark red. This man wore checked trousers and a gray coat; he was of American birth; consequently his necktie was red. The change having occurred in this fluid, it is perfectly plain, therefore, that his eyes must have been blue."

"But his size, his clothing, the monocle, the ambition?" I began, protesting.

In reply the detective merely presented me with a small magnifying glass and the crushed collar-button.

"Examine the base of the button," he said, without a flourish.

I hastened to follow his suggestion. Engraved in the substance I beheld the microscopic monogram "W. W. A."

"But," I insisted, "this proves nothing."

"It proves everything," interrupted Holmes, "for I know this W. W. A. He is the one who in his desperation employed me to secure for him this coronet. So great was his impatience to possess it that he came here this morning to appropriate it, even if only an hour before I was to deliver it in person."

"Impossible!" I cried, thoroughly stupefied.

"Unquestionable," replied Holmes, unmoved; "it was I who planned the entire move. Look!"

My glance followed his gesture admiringly. There in the doorway stood the American Millionaire, exactly as the detective had described him, boldly wearing the coronet in place of a hat!

IV.

As I gazed, from far out upon the moor there came the deep, unearthly baying of a gigantic hound. Weirdly it rose and fell in blood-curdling intensity until the inarticulate sound gradually shaped itself into this perfectly distinguishable wall: "I wonder how much of it Robinson wrote?"—Charlton Andrews in "Bookman."

Dyspepsia

The Most Prevalent and Unpleasant of all Diseases.

Ninety Out of Every Hundred People Are suffering With Some Form of Stomach Trouble.

Dyspepsia is generally caused by faults in the food.

Carelessness and indiscretion in eating and drinking; eating too fast or too much, or too little exercise.

These days of rush and worry many people forget or neglect to pay any attention whatever to their stomachs.

Hasty meals are gobbled without time for proper mastication, or a thought as to the possible consequences to the digestive organs of such unreasonable and unfair treatment.

But there comes a time when they fail.

There is a limit even to the endurance of these faithful organs.

The symptoms of Dyspepsia appear, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Bloating or Pain in the Chest begin to cause annoyance.

How many invalids can trace the commencement of their physical breakdown to the appearance of these trifling ailments.

It is strange that people will still continue to neglect these early symptoms of Dyspepsia, despite the widespread knowledge of their fearful results.

In the light of the unfortunate experience of the tens of thousands who are to-day suffering the pains of Chronic Dyspepsia, is it not the part of wisdom to immediately take steps to correct these symptoms when they first appear?

If they are not corrected, they will certainly leave you a victim of Chronic Dyspepsia.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any case of Chronic Dyspepsia, no matter of how long standing.

But is it not easier and better to check the very first symptom of the Disease?

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a specific. They are compounded from the best digestives known to science.

If taken immediately after each meal, they will digest the food, and every particle of it, and thus give the Stomach an opportunity for rest and restoration.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act directly on the organs of digestion. Toning them up and restoring to them their normal health and vigor.



Very wise after the event.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Difficult Question.

A story of a conversation between a traveler, visiting at a popular resort, and one of the permanent residents, is told by the "Ram's Horn":

"I am a stranger here, sir; can you direct me to a first-rate church?"

"Oh, yes, right around the corner."

"What sort of a preacher have they?"

"A very good man."

"Interesting?"

"Intensely so."

"Eloquent?"

"Very."

"The best preaching in town, I suppose?"

"Unquestionably."

"What's his name?"

"Ah, my friend, that is a question which modesty forbids me to answer!"

New Woman—"Husband, I need a change. The doctor said my life is too monotonous. I need excitement." Husband—"Try staying at home."



THE Diary of a Goose Girl is Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin's last trifile in the book line. It isn't a diary, but the impressions of a poultry farm, gathered by a runaway girl, who eschews the stupid Hydropathic Hotel and the suitor whom she loves, and takes a short vacation from her proper sphere, among the ducks, geese and chickens of the farm aforesaid. The farmeress, the Square Baby, the rightiful Goose girl and the sham one have a lovely time together. Miss Wiggin's usual quaintness is evident, though the story, apart from the poultry, is not of interest. The illustrations are simply perfect, and Morang & Co. have brought the book out prettily. There is a good little story going the rounds about an interview between Marion Crawford, that huge, quiet writer of interminable romances, and Miss Wiggin, wherein, after gravely receiving the enthusiasm of the latter over his work, Mr. Crawford said, doubtfully: "Perhaps you, too, write, Miss Wiggin?"

"I have," said Miss Wiggin.

"I collapse of Miss Wiggin's may be better imagined than described. However,

she can always get even by putting Crawford in one of her funny stories.

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The Duchess of Sutherland, writing in the "Saturday Review" upon boys' books and girls' books, says: "Why should courage, resources and fair play be attributes held up for the admiration of the male sex alone in 'man that is born of a woman?'" I spent my pocket-money on the 'Boy's Own Paper' from the age of six; it gave me an early appreciation of healthy journalism, and I still distrust the future of the little girl who prefers the sentimental 'Bessie's Bon Bon' to the hairbreadth escapes of 'Tom Tiddler's Leap.' The mother of maids in her purchases would do well to avoid the volume, however bright its boards, that bears the sub-title 'a tale for girls.'

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THE musical season that has just closed has nearly altogether had its interest centered in the record of the Massey Hall. To the managers of that institution the public have been indebted for the only performances of grand opera worthy of the name. The appearances of the Grau Opera Company in October may, in fact, be considered the most brilliant and the most important musical events of the season. Taking advantage of the visit to the city of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Massey Hall management engaged the Grau company for one operatic concert and three opera representations. The stage of the hall was fitted up for the occasion, and for the first time in its history the lyric drama was heard within its auditorium. The experiment was a financial and artistic success, and, to the surprise of everybody, the acoustics of the building proved satisfactory for the purpose. The operas given were "Lohengrin," with Mme. Sembach as Elsa, Herr Dippel as Lohengrin, and Mme. Louise Homer and Herr Muhlmann as Ortrud and Telmarund respectively; "Carmen," with the great and intangible Calve in the title role, Salignac as Don Jose, Journe as the bull-fighter, and Miss Fritz-Scheff as Michaela; and Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," with Mme. Camille Seygard as Juliet and M. Gilbert as Romeo. The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that the "Lohengrin" production was the most satisfactory, the musical beauty of the opera and the vocal charm of Sembach's singing combining to make the performance most noteworthy. "Carmen" was, of course, remarkable for the dramatic attractiveness of Calve's impersonation of the heroine. It must be admitted that Mme. Calve has a beautiful voice of singularly appealing quality, but one cannot overlook that musically her interpretations are often capricious and indefensible. The Gounod work, played to a small audience at the matinee, did not create special enthusiasm, partly because the Frenchman's setting of the Shakespearean tragedy does not strike English people as being commensurate with the subject. The operatic concert at which the Duke and Duchess were present may be dismissed with the remark that the programme was light and poor. Next in importance to the Grau opera one may place the combined concert of our own Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, given early in the year. The finished singing of the choir and the fine playing of the orchestra under the direction of Victor Herbert in a choice programme made the concert one to be long remembered with pleasure. Two of the most successful numbers were the "March and Chorus" from the third act of "Carmen," which was sung by the choir, accompanied by the orchestra, had a most brilliant effect, and Dr. Elgar's inspiring and patriotic epilogue to his ballad, "The Banner of St. George," which produced a profound impression by its grandeur and the sonority of the voices and instruments. The choir had previously given a concert devoted to its own specialties, in which they had the assistance as soloist of Mr. Harold Bauer, the eminent English pianist, whose rendering of well-known masterpieces for the instrument won the admiration and judicial respect of the conservative musicians. The principal orchestral numbers played by the Pittsburgh organization were the "Largo," from Dvorak's "New World" symphony; Berlioz's "Carnival Romain" overture, and a selection from Wagner's "Meistersinger." Both these concerts attracted audiences that taxed the seating capacity of the hall to the utmost. Other events that employed large resources were the productions of "The Messiah" and "Redemption" by Mr. Torrington and his chorus, with local orchestras and local singers in the first case, and with Mr. David Bispham, Mme. Dorothy Harvey and Mr. Jenkins as the principal solo singers in the Gounod work. Both performances were above the average in merit, taking several previous productions by Mr. Torrington as a basis of comparison. The list may be extended by including the annual concert of the Male Chorus Club, under the direction of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. The club gave a popular programme, and rendered it with their well-known effectiveness. They put forward as soloists M. Gerardy, violinist, and Mme. Maconda, a light and pleasing soprano, both of whom were enthusiastically received. A somewhat ambitious attempt was made by Mr. James Dickenson to found a permanent orchestra under the name of Toronto Symphony Orchestra, but only one concert was given by them, and the result was not sufficiently encouraging to warrant a continuance of operations.

The demand for grand opera at popular prices was catered to by the Boston Lyric Opera Company, who put on the stage of the Grand "Carmen," "Trovatore," "Faust" and "Bohemian Girl." Although the representations were defective in many ways, they had a certain value in giving opportunities of hearing the works mentioned on payment of very small fees, and it is said that many people heard these operas who had never heard them before. At the Princess the supply of light opera was liberal, and once again the productions were more remarkable for the sumptuousness of the mounting than for intrinsic charm or originality of the music. The operas offered were Julian Edwards' "Dolly Varden," a superbly staged and costumed production, with a light and tuneful but not original score; Julian Witmark's "Chaperons," another most expensively mounted piece; Leslie Stuart's "Floradora," and Sydney Jones' "San Toy." "Dolly Varden" owed most of its success here to the piquante acting of Lulu Glaser in the title role. Both "Floradora" and "San Toy" played to very large business, and the former closed the season at the Princess with a return engagement of nine nights. A very indifferent cast of singers was put forward in the case of these two operas, but the enormous popularity of the works everywhere secured paying attendance for both of them.

We had two visits of the Westminster Abbey glee and concert party during the season, and the promoters of the scheme evidently found Toronto a profitable field, as three concerts were given on the first visit and four on the last. Very interesting programmes of old characteristic English music, with a few modern songs, were sung with much finish and smoothness. The male altos and the boy sopranos of the party naturally attracted a good deal of attention, the male alto being specially rare in this country.

Among the foreign solo artists not already mentioned who appeared singly or with other talent were Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, pianists; Fritz Kreisler, Kubelik, the boy Florizel, and Senor Ferrer, violinists; Mme. Nordica, Frau Lilli Lehmann, Plunkett Greene, Watkin Mills and Jessie McLachlan, vocalists. The violin community were dazzled at the marvelous technique of Kubelik, and were bewildered and delighted by the precocious talent of the boy Florizel, who proved himself a marvel in the matter of execution and musical gifts. Lehmann gave a most artistic recital of serious song. Mme. Nordica was as charming as ever, and few who heard the American soprano on the occasion referred to will forget the wonderful effect which she produced in Brunhoff's "Call," from the "Walkure." Paderewski appeared in a single concert at Massey Hall before a very large audience. Judged by his own standard of playing, he was never in worse form here; but then his worst form is so much more acceptable than the best moods of many other pianists that he was received with many manifestations of delight. Hofmann, young virtuoso of only twenty-one years, delighted his audiences by his refined and poetic style and his finished technique. Hofmann appeared a second time in conjunction with Kreisler and Gerardy. Kreisler proved to be a violinist of fine equipment and artistic appreciation.

Among the many local events which were highly commended were the concerts of Mrs. Adamson's string orchestra; of Mr. Frank Blackford and Miss Lina Adamson, violinists; of the Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Hillary; of the Conservatory String Quartette; of Mr. Welsman and Eugenie Quehen, pianists; of Messrs. Welsman and Klingenberg, in joint recital; of the Toronto String Quartette, under Mr. Klingenberg; and of Mrs. J. F. Harrison. Other Canadian artists non-resident here who appeared were Whitney Mockridge, tenor; James Flitch Thomson, baritone; Miss Ethel Martin, soprano; Emilio Renard, and Miss Anna Fysche, pianists; and Arthur Howald Bligh, baritones, who had the assistance of Mme. Julie Wyman.

A perfect concert in its particular class, which was given late in the season, was that of the Kneisel Quartette Club of Boston, who were engaged through the enterprise of the Women's Musical Club. This concert was a perfect and unalloyed treat to all lovers of chamber music.

The season was brought to a close with an evening concert by Sousa and his band, who performed before an immense audience. It may be added, in conclusion, that the season was almost barren of new works of large dimensions.

The popularity of the vocal recitals given by Mr. Rechab Tandy and his pupils was fully demonstrated on Saturday evening last, when the Conservatory Music Hall was not only crowded, but large numbers turned away, unable to gain admittance. The pupils included those in their intermediate and final year's studies, and their singing showed the artistic methods employed by their teacher, one marked feature being the distinct utterance of words, so essential to the finished singer. Those who appeared were the Misses Thomson, Crawford, Mansfield, Houston, Alice M. Lewis, Ida Snare, Rhoda Marlin, Melissa Ames, Mabel Stone, Edythe E. Crawford, Violette Thomson, Hannah Cameron, Mr. Charles J. Wallace, Mrs. H. Shaw, Mrs. Davy Hood, Messrs. W. Miller, McCammon and Charles E. Clarke, and Mr. Rechab Tandy. It is Mr. Tandy's custom to sing several numbers at each recital, which lends interest to the programme and enables the audience to note that those under his teaching are acquiring the proper method of singing. Mr. Tandy sang with distinction the numbers allotted to him. The accompaniments were played in a helpful and sympathetic manner by Miss Louise Tandy, A.T.C.M., and Miss A. Edith Crawford, and the organ obbligato by Miss Ethel Deever.

It is announced elsewhere that Mr. Walter Robinson of Carnegie Hall, New York, teacher of voice production and repertoire, intends to give a summer term of lessons in Toronto and Hamilton, beginning July 2. Application should be made by mail until June 30 to the New York address, and after June 30 in care of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto.

Miss Margaret Nelson, pupil of Miss Florence Graham, gave a most interesting vocal recital in the Toronto College of Music on the evening of Thursday, May 22. Almost perfect tone production and the particularly happy manner with which Miss Nelson lent herself to the spirit of her several numbers, in a large measure explain Miss Nelson's success. The voice is a soprano of splendid promise, powerful, sympathetic and of a rare quality. These things are added purity of diction and a pleasing presence. The vocal programme included the following numbers: Gerrit Smith's "The Violet," Foote's "Wearin' Awa," Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" and "Roberto," M. V. White's "Let Us Forget" and "Butterflies," Nevin's "Good Night, Beloved," and "Jesus Misere," and "Come Unto Him" from "Messiah." Miss Nelson was assisted by Miss Helen Grasett, pianist, pupil of Mr. F. S. Welsman, and Mr. F. C. Smith, violinist, of the College staff. Miss Mabel Tait accompanied Miss Nelson.

The announcement that Mr. A. S. Vogt is entirely discontinuing his organ classes next season, in order to confine his teaching to piano-playing only, will be learned with regret by many who had hoped to arrange for instruction in organ-playing under Mr.

Vogt next season. During the past few seasons Mr. Vogt had accepted a limited number of organ students, and their uniform success both as church and concert players furnished a strong tribute to their teacher's methods and his thoroughness. Much of the success of many of these pupils, among whom may be mentioned Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Miss Jessie C. Perry, Miss Edith C. Miller, Miss Florence Brown, Mr. T. A. Reed, Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, Mr. W. A. Pickard, and others who are now occupying important professional appointments in various parts of the province, may be largely attributed to the fact that their manual technique had been acquired in the piano classes of their teacher, thus equipping them for comprehensive organ study. In this respect many organ students study at a great disadvantage, the importance of a thorough grounding in piano technique before taking up the organ not being generally appreciated by either students or teachers.

The Toronto Conservatory String Quartette met with distinct success recently at the Brantford Male Chorus Club concert. Miss Lina D. Adamson and Mr. Saunders were both encored heartily for their solos, and the "Exposition" has the following to say in reference to the quartette: "The work of the Toronto String Quartette was delightful. Dvorak's quartette, opus 96 (first movement), was rendered with dainty brilliancy, and was marked with unity and symmetry."

An interesting piano recital was given on Monday evening in the College of Music by Miss Helen Grasett, an accomplished pupil of Mr. Frank S. Welsman. Miss Grasett offered a programme which afforded a good test of her versatility and musical taste and gifts. Her numbers included two mazurkas, in E minor and F major respectively, by Chopin; the Nocturne in B flat minor by the same composer; two sketches by McDowell; "To a Wild Rose," and "To a Water Lily," the Schubert-Liszt transcription, "Hark, Hark the Lark," and the Verdi-Liszt "Rigoletto" fantasia. In all these numbers Miss Grasett evidenced the possession of not only excellent natural gifts, including a fine sense of rhythm, but also the development of a comprehensive technique, and altogether the results of careful and effective training. Miss Grasett was assisted by Miss Norine Pew, who sang two numbers very prettily, and Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist. Mr. F. C. Smith, violin, and Mr. Welsman himself at the viola, in the ensemble of the Rhenberger quartette for piano and strings.

A very successful recital was given on Wednesday evening of last week at the Toronto College of Music by piano-forte and organ pupils of Mr. George D. Atkinson. An exacting programme was presented, comprising selections from the works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Gilmant, Bird, Heller, Chopin and Wagner. In the piano numbers, beauty of tone and unusual breadth of interpretation were features, and the organ work was marked by effective registration and pleasing repose. Those who appeared were the Misses Carlotta Wickson, Gussie Rae, Grace Bonnick, Nellie Stockwell and Mary Cadenehead, all of whom, without exception, reflected great credit upon their conscientious instructor. The pleasure of the evening was enhanced by the singing of two pupils of Miss Graham, the Misses Margaret Nelson and Lexie Clark, the latter of whom among her numbers gave a charming little lullaby by Mr. Atkinson on words by Jean Biewett, its first hearing.

"Harper's" for June, W. L. Alden says that the Cremonese dislike violins, and tells amusingly of his search for a violin in Cremona: "Being in Cremona, I naturally went in search of violins. I had a vague idea that I might pick up a Stradivarius, an Amati, a Guarnerius, and perhaps other treasure of the kind, for next to nothing, like those fabulous persons who are said to pick up invaluable furniture and priceless old books for a mere music-hall song. Of course I did not find any valuable violins, but what was still stranger, I did not see or hear a single violin the whole time I was in Cremona. In every Italian city there are dozens of shops devoted to the sale of musical instruments of all sorts, and, among these, violins of all sizes and conditions, from the young soprano violin to the venerable and gouty contrabass, are exposed in the windows. In Cremona, however, there is not a violin to be sold, and I am persuaded that there is not even in the possession of a single Cremonese. At first I could not understand this mystery. Neither could I understand why no one to whom I spoke seemed to take the slightest interest in the great violin-makers of the town. Baedeker asserts that the house of Antonio Stradivarius is still to be seen, and I went in search of it. I found only a vacant lot where the house had stood, and I was informed by a policeman, who looked at me sternly and with evident suspicion, that the house of Stradivarius had been torn down. I asked him why, and he replied by suggesting that if I would accompany him to the headquarters of the police, I might possibly receive an answer to my question. I left him more in anger than in sorrow, and asked no more questions of the Cremonese police. From what I afterwards learned in conversation with several of the leading porters and street-sweepers of the place, I came to the conclusion that the people of Cremona had for so many weary years been asked by strangers concerning the Cremona violins and their makers that in a fit of justifiable rage they had resolved that the entire subject of violins should be ignored both by themselves and the strangers who might venture within their gates. I cannot say that I blame them. Their town has picturesque architecture, a school of art of its own, and a history that it has a right to be proud of, but the stranger never thinks these things worthy of notice, and conceives of Cremona exclusively as the birthplace of certain fiddles. I no longer wonder that it is unsafe for a man to speak of violins to the Cremonese. They are a polite people, and a long-suffering

people, but they are very tired of violins, and the stranger who visits Cremona will, if he is a prudent man, remember this fact."

CHERUBINO.

Saturday to Monday Summer Excursions.

Commencing Saturday, June 7, and until October 25, 1902, the Grand Trunk Railway will issue round trip excursion tickets from Toronto, good going by all trains Saturday and Sunday, valid for return Monday following date of issue. Small booklet showing fares and points to which they apply on application to Grand Trunk Railway ticket agents. Offices N.W. corner King and Yonge streets and Union Station.

Lord Roberts' Self-Control.

It was Mr. Julian Story, husband of Emma Eames, who painted the portrait of Lieutenant Roberts, killed on the Tugela, and which was presented to Lord Roberts by popular subscription. The general visited Mr. Story's studio in Linden Gardens to sit for the eyes, which resembled in color those of his son. When Lord Roberts entered the room he was faced by the closest reminders of the boy that had been his hope—his uniform, the Victoria Cross that had been pinned on his breast after he was dead, and the sword that a soldier godfather had given him. The saddened man allowed himself a glance at these reminders that must have pierced his heart, and then walked quickly to the far end of the studio. For a few minutes he remained silent, his gray-blue eyes fixed on vacancy. In those minutes he had fought it out. When he spoke it was without any trace of emotion, calmly, and on general topics. He had seen others give up their best in silence; he had learned to do the same himself.

"She keeps an immense establishment, doesn't she?" "Oh, indeed, yes! A head coachman, two footmen, two grooms, and a stable-boy, a house-keeper, cook, under-cook, kitchen maid, upstairs and downstairs maid, governess, husband, and child."—"Puck."

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Vocalist and Teacher
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and Artistic Singing. Address—The Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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Mrs. Fletcher-Copp will, early in July and
Boston, or a suburb, begin a 5 to 6 weeks'
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of eminent European and American authorities
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TENOR
Teacher of Voice Culture
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music. Inexpensive and gives quick
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pupils accepted. Studio—24 Seaton St. For
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Address—Studio 67 Arcade.

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Pupil of Mr. F. S. Welsman.

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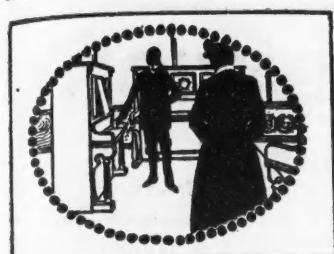
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June 7, 1902

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11



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Will open for the season June 21st. Specially low rates will be made for the month of June.

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First-Class Boarding

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This applies to every summer hat in this department (excepting only Panama)—including light fancy straws, linen, crash and plumes—the collection is large—the styles are very exclusive—there's a lovely choice and a great saving—hats marked regularly \$3.00 to \$18.00.

Raincoats—1 and full length—semi-fitting and loose.....\$12.00 to \$35.00.

84 Yonge St.

Social and Personal.

MR. and Mrs. Thomas Tait went down to Montreal on Tuesday, accompanied by Major Cockburn, V.C., who has no intention of going to the Coronation, as has been reported.

Mr. Lewis P. Wood of the Bank of Commerce is spending his vacation with his people, at 97 Avenue road.

Mrs. and Miss Warwick went to Hamilton for the races. Miss Drury, Mrs. Gwynne's guest, has gone to Kingston to attend a friend's marriage. Mr. W. Ramsay went to Hamilton this week. Mrs. Bristol is in Hamilton. Mrs. John D. Hay is visiting at the Holmstead for race week. Mrs. Arthur Sprague has taken a cottage at Golden, B.C., for July and August, and leaves here at the end of the month, with her daughter. Mrs. Ross Bongard of Prince Arthur avenue is visiting Mrs. C. Ernest Gault in Montreal. Mr. Lloyd Harris of Brantford was in town for the O.J.C. races.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock and Miss Muriel Brock are home from Montreal. Mrs. Clark, wife of Professor Clark of Trinity College, is able, I hear, to leave the hospital and visit friends out of town.

Mrs. Greenfield is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham. Senator and Mrs. Templeman of Victoria, B.C., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson at Todmorden. Mr. Patterson purchased last year the residence of the late John Taylor, at Todmorden, and is, with his family, revelling in the delights of a perfect country home. The splendid huge house, with all the latest comforts, the easy little property and the fine air and view, are really delightful, and the old hearty welcome awaits Toronto friends.

Mr. William and Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune are boarding in cosy quarters in Pembroke street, and have given up their Bedford road house.

The Misses Stinson returned to Ingersoll last week, having much enjoyed their visit in Toronto. Mr. Faquier was at the races last week, a welcome visitor from Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. George Reid of Tudor road did not receive again until the autumn. They are to spend the summer in the Catskills.

Mrs. E. F. Robinson is now settled in her summer home, Bryn Athyn, Balmy Beach.

Mr. Jack A. Tarbutt is in Dr. Walker's hospital, where he has undergone a very dangerous but most successful operation, and is now doing very well indeed. Mr. Tarbutt is able to see friends who may call between 3 and 4 or 5 and 8 o'clock.

The beautiful flowers used in decoration at the Board of Trade banquet on Thursday were from Dunlop's conservatory.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Tuesday in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, when Mr. Louis Vincent Cote of Oakville was married to Miss Monica Augusta Lanphier of this city. Promptly at nine o'clock the bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of Sheriff Dawson of St. Catharines. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Cote, rector of St. Patrick's, Hamilton (brother of the groom), assisted by Rev. P. O'Donohoe of Port Lambton, cousin of the bride. The bride was handsomely attired in white silk organdie over white silk, the bodice being trimmed with beautiful rose point lace. She wore a veil and wreath of orange blossoms. Miss Maude Lanphier was bridesmaid, and wore a gown of white organdie, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bridesmaid's roses. Mr. D. O. Cameron, barrister, of Toronto, was best man. After the celebration of nuptial mass the wedding party adjourned to the home of the bride's mother, 19 Moss Park place, where a dainty déjeuner was served. After receiving the congratulations and good wishes of those present, the happy couple left, amidst showers of rice, for western points. On their return Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Cote will reside in Oakville.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Jean Vincent, only daughter of the late Rev. Edward Vincent, to Mr. George Benham Town of Penn Yan, N.Y., in McNab Street Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, on June 18.

Hon. Senator Gibson was in town on Thursday. He is going to England on the 14th, and taking his daughters over with him. Senator Melvin Jones saw his wife and daughter off to England this week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan sailed this week for Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and their family are at Mrs. Mead's, Center Island. Mr. Hees has taken a trip to the Klondike.

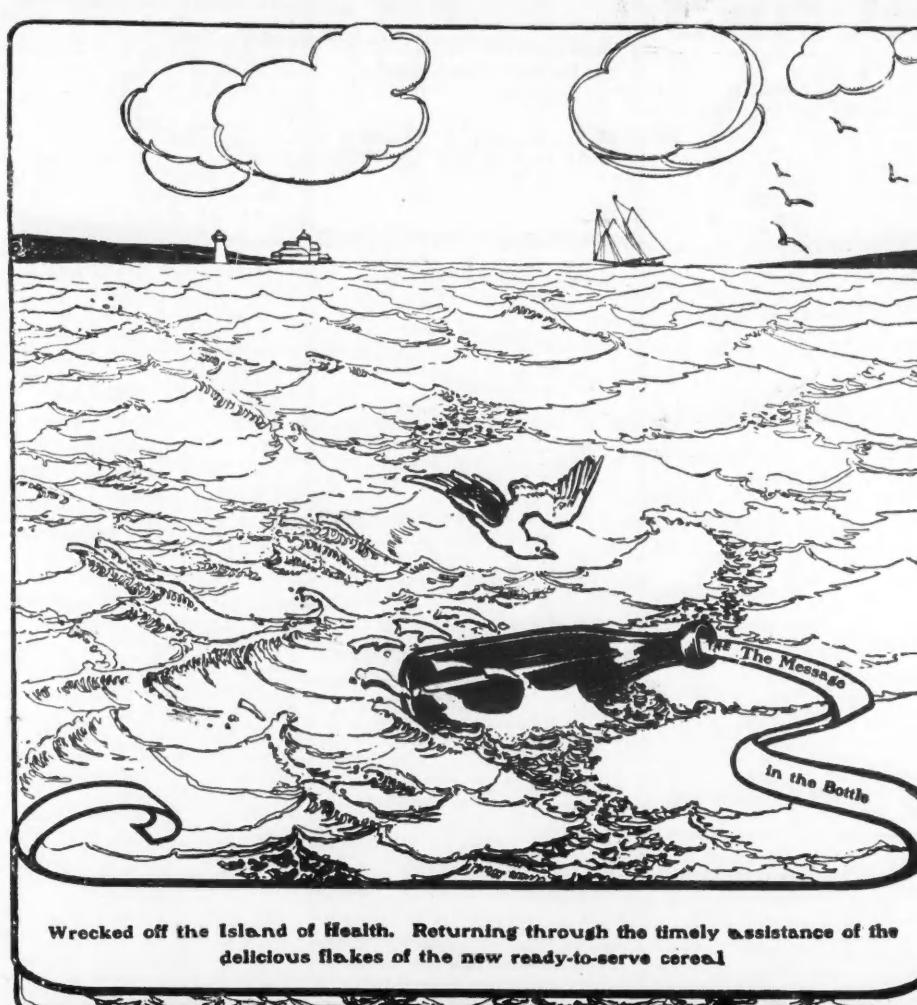
To Sing at Dundas.

Miss Mabel B. Beddoe, a former pupil of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and now a pupil at the New England Conservatory, will sing at Dundas on June 19, for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church choir. The Cambridge (Mass.) "Chronicle" says of her: "Miss Beddoe is tall, stately and well poised in her public work, and has a richness and fulness in her voice which quite corresponds to her bearing, and yet the sweetness of her expression is in perfect harmony with the delicate shades of feeling and depth of emotion with which she fills her daughter songs."

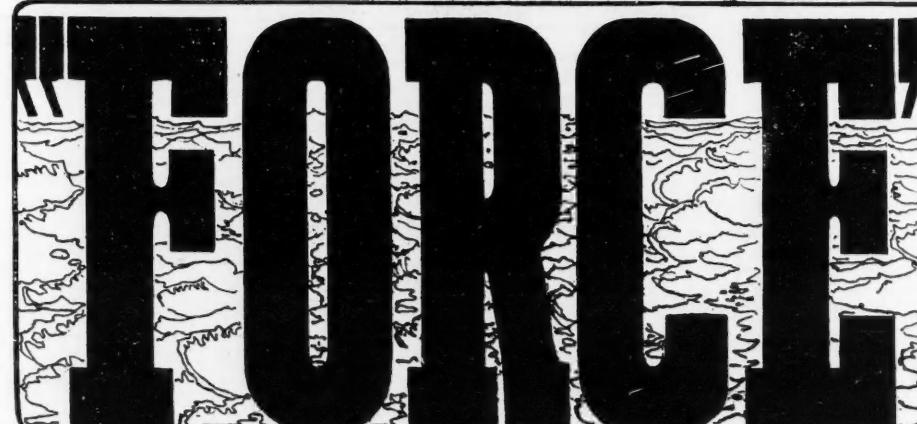
Works of Art.

On Monday next there will be on view at the late Publishers' Syndicate Book Store, No. 7 King street east, the finest collection of water-color drawings and oil paintings that has reached Toronto this season. The exhibition will be open free to the public for one week, when lovers of art will have an opportunity of seeing many rare and beautiful pictures of foreign production.

Amongst the artists represented are to be found some familiar names, as well as many others hitherto unknown.



Wrecked off the Island of Health. Returning through the timely assistance of the delicious flakes of the new ready-to-serve cereal.



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Mr. Elliott Flower has created an Irish-American character of unique interest, and has given a new type of humor to the world.

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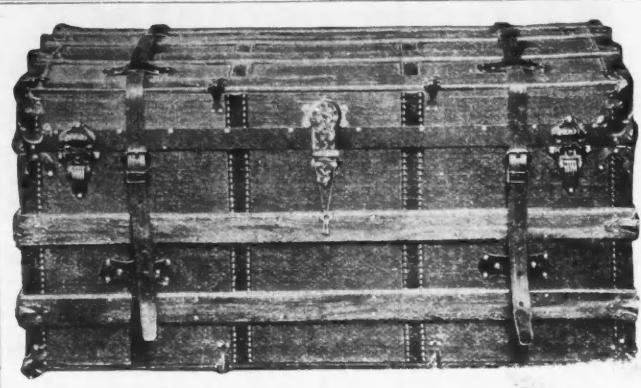
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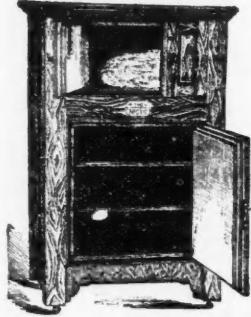
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It was used by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on the Royal Train throughout their Canadian tour.
It was used and highly commended by the Westminster Abbey Choir Concert Company in their famous entertainments last month in Canada.
It has been used and endorsed by Madame Albani, Edward Lloyd, Plunkett Greene, Watkinson, Leontine, Dame Godfrey, Arthur Friedheim, Auguste Hellestedt, and many other great artists.

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Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Geneva Edith Moyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Moyer, and Mr. Aaron A. Chase, attorney-at-law, of Scranton, Pa., took place on Wednesday, June 4. Rev. Canon Sweeny of Toronto officiating. The bride wore a very handsome traveling gown of light gray cloth, trimmed with piping of gray and white silk. The coat, completed with a wide sailor collar and trimmings of French embroidered applique, opened over a very dainty white silk blouse. A most becoming picture hat of gray mohair, softly faced with white chiffon and roses, was worn with this toilette. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl and diamond sunburst. Miss Ross, daughter of Mr. G. Ross, assistant postmaster of Toronto, was bridesmaid, becomingly gowned in pink, with cream lace, with which a picture hat was worn. The groomsman was Mr. Allan Moyer, brother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Chase left for Montreal, Saratoga and New York, via the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers. The friends of the young bride in Canada generally and Berlin in particular regret sincerely her removal from her native town and country, and their wishes for a happy wedded life follow her to her new home. Mr. Chase is a prominent member of the Pennsylvania bar.

Miss Virginie Hugel, who has been paying several visits in town for the last six weeks, goes to Halifax again this summer.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Jarvis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, of 39 Glen road, Rosedale, and Mr. Lawrence Boyd, son of Sir John and Lady Boyd, will be solemnized in St. Simon's Church, Howard street, next Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Owing to recent bereavements in both families, the marriage is to be strictly a private one, invitations having been limited to relatives only.

Mrs. Roy S. Gee of 34 Langley avenue gave a very charming afternoon tea to a number of her friends on Wednesday. The guest of honor was Miss Ethel Allen, whose marriage to Mr. Crrin A. Gray is announced for June 17.

I hear that one of those pretty new houses in Elmsley place has been taken by Mr. Alphonse Jones. There is not a sweater and quieter little "cul de sac" tending at Barnstable, with its green terraces, and being the only street in Toronto possessing its own flower-bed (than) Elmsley Place. It is reasonably accessible, but at this time, with flowers and trees, and pavements "a faire peur," it's absolutely apart from city noise, dust and traffic.

On Thursday Mrs. Thomas Rennie of "Morningside," Swansea, gave a lawn party. Swansea is a suburb not sufficiently explored by lovers of the beautiful in nature.

Mrs. Henry J. Boulton and the Misses Boultong of Grange road are to spend the summer in Brockville. Mr. and Mrs. Lockle of the Queen's Park are en route for Europe. Mr. Reginald Northcote has sold his Huron street residence to Mr. Walter Dick. Mrs. George Le Mesurier and her family are to spend the summer at the Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Dr. James Patterson paid a flying visit to his people in Toronto this week. Mrs. Patterson, sr., spent some days in Oakville last week. Mr. Dickson Patterson has started a studio in New York, where he is now painting some very successful portraits. His last work here, of Premier Ross, is a marvelous likeness and a capital picture as well. The attitude and the keen, half-veiled eyes are to the life.

Mr. Pellett, Master Reginald Pellett, his grandson, and Mr. Horsey went down to see the colonel off at Quebec. Mrs. Harry Pellett left on Wednesday evening for the Coronation, and I am told that her various Saratogas are filled with the most delightful gowns, which she will wear with dignity and style at smart

affairs in London. When she bows to royalty at the drawing-room Mrs. Pellett will be a Canadian of whom Toronto will have every reason to feel proud, and although her frocks may be gorgeous, they will not strike her friends so strongly as her own personality, which is at once gracious and commanding.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Givin and Mrs. Macpherson have removed from Euclid avenue to their new home, 853 Bathurst street. Mrs. Macpherson and Mrs. Givin will be at home to their friends as usual on the first and third Wednesdays of the month.

I heard several of her friends noting the absence of Mrs. John Small from the members' lawn last week. The races have been for years Mrs. Small's great outing, and no doubt her illness was much deplored by her, in that it kept her from enjoying the charming week which everyone found so pleasant.

Miss Tilley is to spend the summer with Lady Tilley in New Brunswick.

The Three Best Things.

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day, in field or forest, at the desk or loom, in roaming market-place, or tranquil room;

Let me put it in my heart to say, when vagrant wishes beckon me astray—

"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom this work can best be done, in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,

To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;

Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,

And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall

At eventide, to play and love and rest,

Because I know for me my work is best.

LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,

With forward face and unreluctant soul;

Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal;

Not mourning for the things that disappear

In the sun past, nor holding back in fear;

From what the future veils; but with a whole

And happy heart, that pays its toll

To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:

So let the way wind up the hill or down,

Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;

Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,

New friendship, high adventure, and a

I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,

Because the road's last turn will be the best.

LOVE.

Let me but love my love without disguise,

Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,

Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,

Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;

But what I am, to that let me be true,

And let me worship where my love is due,

And so through love and worship let me rise:

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst

As tho' it struck at sea. The halls where sit

The host of nations shall be dumb with death.

The ship shall after her own plummet sink,

And sound the sea herself and depths of death.

At the first turn Death shall cut off the life,

And dash the gold bag in his yellow brain,

The gambler, reckoning gains, shall drop a piece;

Stoop down and there see death—look up there God.

The warrior, temporizing with decay,

And qualifying every line which vice writes bluntly on the brow, inviting scorn,

Shall pale through plastered red: and

See clear, for once, through his misty, o'er-brimmed eye.

The man if there be any, die in prayer.

Death shall be everywhere among your martyrs,

And giving bils which no man may decline—

Drafts upon Hell one moment after date.

Then let your outeries tremble amid the stars;

Terrors shall be about ye like a wind;

And fears come down upon ye like a house.

Woman's Fortitude

Severely Tried by Ailments Peculiar to the Sex.

Ordinary Medicine Will Not Cure Because It Merely Touches the Symptoms—How to Get at the Root of the Trouble.

Behind the veil of her womanly modesty and fortitude, nearly every woman suffers indescribably from time to time, and continues to suffer in spite of all her efforts, because ordinary medicine is powerless to do good in such cases. Ordinary medicine may give temporary relief—even a purgative may do that—but the one great medical discovery capable of permanently curing and preventing a return of the ailment is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are not an ordinary medicine, they are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a regularly practising physician who used them in his private practice for years before they were given to the public under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are the best medicine for man; they are the only medicine for woman. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N.W.T., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me many a dollar in doctors' bills. For some years I was greatly afflicted with ailments that make the life of so many of my sex miserable. I tried many medicines, but found no relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffering I endured has passed away, and life no longer seems a burden. I know of a number of other women who have been similarly benefited, and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worth their weight in gold to those who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

The happiness of health for both men and women lies in the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act as a nerve tonic and supply new blood to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of anaemia, "decline," consumption, pains in the back, neuralgia, depression of spirits, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. But substitutes should be avoided if you value your health; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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The Poetry of Disaster.

THE Martinique disaster, the most terrible in the records of the world, and which, to its victims, seemed like the veritable ending of all things, recalls the lines of Bailey's "Festus." It is this poem which details

the Poetry of Disaster.

The Poetry of Disaster.